Vol. CVI.—No. 1375] APRIL 23, 1930 [Registered as a Newspaper

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the BYSTANDER

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"CELEBRITIES DISGUISED" COMPETITION

COUPON AND RULES *(See page 171)*

RULES

WHEN you have identified the well-known people whose disguised portraits appear on page 171 write your solutions in ink on the form provided below.

Cut out the coupon, and keep it and all subsequent coupons until the competition ends.

You may submit as many sets as you please, but each set *must* be complete. Incomplete sets will be destroyed. In the event of a tie for the first place other "Celebrities Disguised" puzzles will be set until won outright. In the event of ties the money prizes will be divided equally.

No reader may win more than one prize.

The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Illustrated Newspapers and their families are not eligible to compete.

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I IDENTIFY

21 As .....
22 As .....
23 As .....
24 As .....
25 As .....
26 As .....

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April 23

The BYSTANDER

DIANA WYNYARD

The beautiful young actress who has scored such an outstanding success as Ursula in "Honours Easy," the comedy by Roland Pertwee, now running at the St. Martin's Theatre. Miss Wynyard's performance proves her to be one of the most accomplished of our comediennes

Ralph Hart

The Tudor Floors at Austin Reeds of Regent Street. A delightful background for the latest ideas in sports suits, sports wear, dressing gowns, flying kit.

AUSTIN REED LTD., LONDON.

The Passing Hour

I.N.A.

Members of the "Cryptic" Club who recently sailed for a tour of Portugal, where they have arranged cricket, tennis and golf matches. They are seen taking a cheery farewell on board the Andalucia Star, at Tilbury

THE return of the Prince of Wales, together with the prospect of the forthcoming Courts, will make everything gay from now onwards. One debutante, I hear, anxious to be at a Court when the Prince of Wales was present, tried to get her command for the last Court. She has at least been successful in not going to the first three; the sad part is that even if she goes to the final one the Prince will in all probability have left England again by that time. Whereas, of course, he will be in England for each of the first three.

The Dance List

SEVERAL big dances are scheduled for the next fortnight or three weeks. Lady Lansdowne's affair for Lady Katherine Fitzmaurice is due on May 6. Lady Howard de Walden will throw open her lovely house three days later for Miss Bronwen Scott-Ellis, and on May 14 there is Lady Helen Cassel's ball for her daughter, Hermione, at Brook House.

The Midnight Revue

THIS is a reminder that people are already applying for tickets for the Midnight Cabaret Revue on July 10, when Lady Louis Mountbatten will "present" Mr. C. B. Cochran's entertainment at the London Pavilion. So you need to be quick about it. The Prince of Wales has promised to be there, and the first six or eight rows of the stalls are likely to be priced at 10 guineas each. Heaven knows what the boxes will fetch. But with such a good cause as the British Legion, and with the prospect of seeing the inimitable Sacha Guitry and his wife, Yvonne Printemps, it will probably be a pretty stiff price.

Alfieri

Lady Rosebery and the Hon. Mrs. Jenkinson photographed between the races at Newbury. Lady Rosebery is a keen racegoer and can frequently be seen at Point-to-Point meetings

News Illus.

Lord Adare, Miss Euan Wallace, and Miss Monica Sheriffe seen at the Newbury Spring Meeting. This popular event attracted a considerable crowd of spectators, several well-known sportsmen being among the riders

Helpers Wanted

MAY 16 will be the flag-day of Paddington Green Children's Hospital, for which efforts are being made to secure as many of the prettiest women in London as possible to act as flag-sellers. What I did not know before is that you have to be at least eighteen years old to sell flags, otherwise the London County Council may be down on you like a knife.

RACING DAYS AND RACING FOLK

Hints to Organisers

I EXPECT that all organisers of charities in the near future will endeavour to secure the services of that trio of pretty little girls, the Mawby Triplets, who have just returned after two years of hard work in the studios of Hollywood. They are staying, at the moment, with their father and mother at the Brent Bridge Hotel, where they are vainly seeking seclusion. Before they went to America they could be seen every Sunday in Hyde Park during Church Parade, and a very pretty picture they made.

Amateur Poses

IF there had been any professional artist's models present at Lady Birkenhead's charity pageant of Italian pictures they would probably have been amused by the difficulty with which some of the amateur sitters kept still. Some of them were very restless. Others, like Lady Lavery, have been painted so often that they found it easy enough. Meantime, Lord Birkenhead is recuperating in Biarritz. He has been far from well.

The field taking a jump during one of the events at the Kimble, weather was anything but perfect, the popularity of this the racing at

Ian Smith

STARTERS FOR THE LUNCHEON STAKES

The Earl and Countess of Lindsay and members of their party take full advantage of an interval between races at the Point-to-Point Meeting of the Fife Foxhounds, which have been hunted by the Earl since 1920. The meeting took place recently, at Balcormo Mains

The Late Lord Dewar

THE death of Lord Dewar the other day will have come as a shock to his friends, and will, incidentally, cause the scratching of some very fine horses. He had at least one entry for each of the classics, including Challenger for the Derby. I have just heard a new and authentic story about Lord Dewar. He and Captain Joliffe owned a horse jointly. It won (at Windsor), and Lord Dewar said to his partner, "Let's go and have a drink." Joliffe assented, and they went off to the bar together. Lord Dewar, however, waited for Captain Joliffe to give the order. Captain Joliffe waited for him. After a long wait, in which neither said a word, Lord Dewar turned to the barmaid and said, "Here you see the quintessence of a two minutes' silence—a Scotsman and a Yorkshireman at a bar, each waiting for the other to order drinks."

Not True

PEOPLE often used to say that Lord

P. and A.

Miss Barbara Eccles, the winner of the Ladies' Race at the Berks and Bucks Point-to-Point, at Faringdon, near Swindon She is seen after her victory

PUBLIC SCHOOL MEN AT GOLF

L.N.A.

Point-to-Point Races of the Pegasus Club. Although the meeting was emphasised by the large crowd which followed near Aylesbury

Dewar, when he ordered a whisky, always said, "Anything but my own brand." This, as a matter of fact, is quite untrue. He preferred his own, and always drank it when he went racing. On the other hand he seldom drank anything except mineral water when he was lunching in London. One habit of his was to return to London every Sunday night, wherever he might be, and then have supper at the Savoy Grill. The Grill, indeed, will never be quite the same again without him.

Hushed Up

IT was fortunate for a certain young Earl that no reporters from Fleet Street were in the neighbourhood of Jermyn Street a few evenings ago, otherwise there might have been some sensational headlines. It was also just as well for some young gentlemen holding commissions in His Majesty's forces that the details of this somewhat hectic affair did not leak out. Something like £300 worth of damage was done to a room, including the smashing of a candelabra. A number of youths were severely dealt with, and in return one young officer was knocked down, and, I am told, "out" by a woman. Those who run may read. The young Earl is at the moment avoiding his club rather sedulously.

Clever

ANOTHER amusing sidelight on the Army has been afforded me by a regular officer, in whose regiment is an Englishman with an assumed Hebraic surname. This enterprising fellow, realising that Jews very properly secure extra leave on occasions like the Passover and other religious festivals, changed his Anglo-Saxon surname, on enlistment, to one smacking of Palestine, and gets more leave than anyone except the officers.

A Timely Victory

ALL golfers will be glad that the Old Carthusians won the Halford-Hewitt cup, beating their great enemies, the Old Etonians, in the second round. In previous years at Deal the Old Carthusians have always been accused of being too gay and full of spirits at night, and it has been said that their exuberance did not wear off sufficiently by the time they reached the first tee. This was most unfair. The Old Carthusians were no more dashing than any other competitors in this Ascot of Amateur Golf. They merely paid for far more than their share of the incidental jollifications. This year they were determined to win as Mr. Halford-Hewitt himself, the donor of the cup, is not only an old Carthusian, but is also the captain of Deal Golf Club for 1930. So they all went into strict training.

P. and A.

Lord Hailsham (left), a former Lord Chancellor and pillar of the Conservative Party, at the Pegasus Club Point-to-Point, at Kimble. With him are Mr. W. W. Grantham, K.C., and Sir Horace Avory

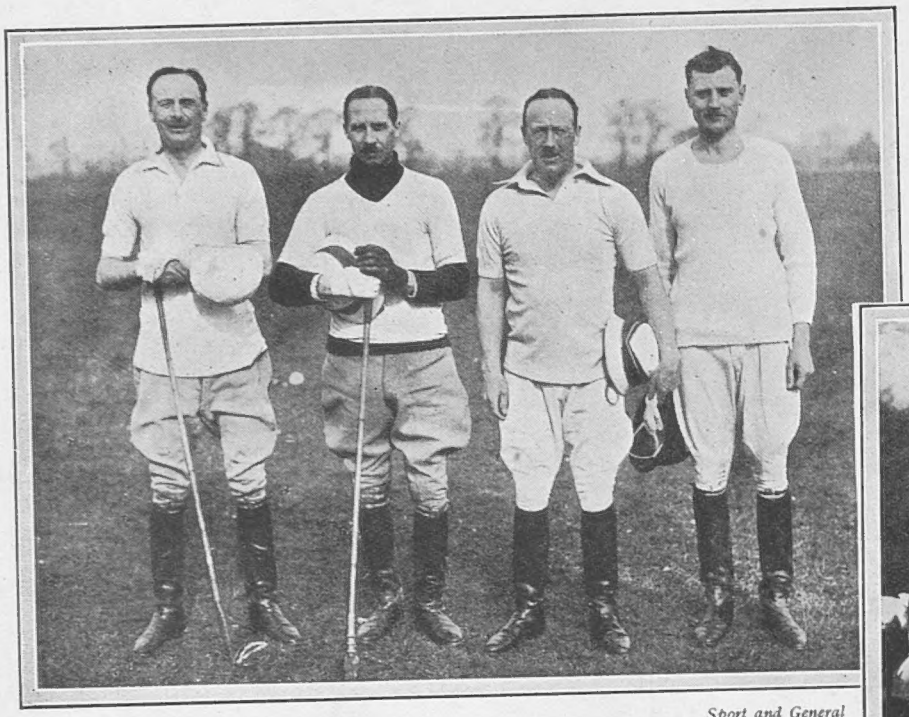
Alfieri

Discerning critics at the Grafton Hunt Hunter Trials, at Green's Norton. They are Lady Humphrey de Trafford (left), Lady Hillingdon, the Hon. Charles Mills, Master Teddie Lambton and Lord Hillingdon

Prettier Than Ever

SURELY Mrs. Edmund Fearnley-Whittingstall, better known as

PRESENTS FROM EDGAR WALLACE



Sport and General

The English Polo team photographed at Westonbirt, the practice ground for the Beaufort Polo Club. They are Major Phipps-Hornby (left), Capt. C. T. Roark, Capt. Tremayne and Mr. Humphrey Guinness. With such an able set of players England has great chances of regaining the Westchester Cup

Miss Eileen Bennett, is one of the most radiant young brides in London. She has never looked prettier than she does now. Last week she was playing tennis on the hard courts at Woodcote Park before a number of spectators. Despite marriage, I think she will enter for Wimbledon again. Her husband has been at work on his offerings for this year's Academy.

A Generous Author

EDGAR WALLACE, whose revival of *The Calendar* was staged at the Lyceum, Easter Saturday, is a most generous dramatist. On the 100th performance of the first "issue" of *The Calendar* he gave each of the principals a wonderful gold cigarette-box, with the portrait of a jockey in his wife's racing colours done in enamel on the inside. The total cost must have been at least £350 for the lot. Some of the lucky recipients showed them hopefully to other leading authors as a hint. But the other leading authors became, in the words of Peggy Joyce's memoirs, "a little deaf."

Vyvyan Poole

Mr. David Plunket and his fiancée, Miss Sybil Archer, who are to be married at Holy Trinity Church, Sloane Street, tomorrow. Mr. Plunket is the eldest son of the Right Reverend and Honourable Bishop Plunket and of the Hon. Mrs. Plunket, while the bride is the younger daughter of Mrs. A. G. Archer, of Seaford, Sussex, and grand-daughter of the late George Hewson, D.L., of Ennismore, Co. Kerry

Central News

MISS DOROTHY POUND

Who, as the result of her fine form in the lawn tennis trials at Wimbledon, will probably find a place in the English Wightman Cup team

Central News

Lady Grimthorpe (left), Lady Marjorie Beckett (centre) and a friend seen while at the Sinnington Hunt Point-to-Point Races, recently held at Little Barugh. Lady Grimthorpe is the wife of Lord Grimthorpe, while Lady Marjorie Beckett is the daughter of the fifth Earl of Warwick and an aunt of the present Earl

To and Fro

LADY HARDWICKE and her daughter, Lady Elizabeth Yorke, for whom she is giving a dance in the next few days, have been spending Easter at Frinton, the only town in England where there is neither a boarding-house nor a public-house. Lord and Lady Queensberry went to Leeds Castle; Lord and Lady Ossory went to Kilkenny Castle; Mr. Ramsay MacDonald went to Lossiemouth; Sir Philip Sassoon went to Le Touquet; and Lord and Lady Daryngton spent the Easter holidays in Somerset.

Easter at Le Touquet

LE TOUQUET without Lord Portarlington would be unthinkable. It would be like Newcastle without coal, or Rex Evans without his spectacles, or (once more) Gwen Farrar without Nora Blaney. I shall have to wait until next week, how-

PEGGY JOYCE ON PEGGY JOYCE

ever, to tell you what went on at Le Touquet, what with golf and gambling and riding and dancing. It has had, however, one of the gayest and most crowded week-ends of its career, despite the Budget.

Peggy Joyce Confesses

At last I have got hold of a copy of "Men, Marriage and Me," by Peggy Joyce. Well, the book is a riot from cover to cover. It begins, "It is really Sunday, but my life really began yesterday, when I met Mr. Huertin, and when a person runs away from home she really hasn't the time to begin a diary. So now I am on a train going sixty miles an hour toward my future. I am curious about my future, but Mr. Huertin says let other people be curious about your future when you have made it your past. Mr. Huertin is very clever; he is a fatalist. He is not very handsome, but he is charming, although he is old, at least 35; but he is one of the world's greatest cyclists, and he is going to be a father to me."

Sport and General

UP AND JUST OVER

The Hon. Mrs. Freddie Cripps nearly comes to grief at a water jump in the Open Class Race at the Grafton Hunt Hunter Trials at Green's Norton

L.N.A.

MR. H. G. M. LEE

Who recently added to his laurels at Wimbledon by defeating H. W. Austin, Borotra's conqueror, and Dr. J. C. Gregory in the Davis Cup Trials. He was nominated to represent Great Britain in the first round of the European group in the Davis Cup Competition

The Scottish Earl

Chapter 28 is headed, "I meet a gay young earl." Anyone who read the newspapers a year or two ago knows who that is. Miss Joyce says, "I have just met quite a wonderful boy, who also has asked me to marry him. In fact, he asked me five times, and the first time just five minutes after he met me, at the Ritz Tower; but, of course, I laughed at him. He is getting a divorce, is quite tall, a little stoop-shouldered, and has a distinguished manner, although he is very democratic, and likes to 'make whoopee,' as he says. He has one of the oldest titles in Edinburgh, and he drinks nothing but champagne, except when there is no champagne."

Alfieri

The Hon. Mrs. F. Cripps, Mrs. Charles Mills, and Miss Marjorie Leigh photographed at the Grafton Hunt Hunter Trials, at Green's Norton, near Towcester. Several well-known people were among the spectators

How It Ends

By the end of the book Miss Joyce seems to prefer to sit by the fire. "Men are such a nuisance." She even thinks of going into a convent. Then she changes her mind and decides to wait until "the right man" comes along. "But I hope that I won't have to wait too long." She concludes: "I feel so depressed; I think I will go home and see my mother"—and it is on this unexpectedly filial note that the book closes; it is so vivacious that one wonders if the visit will be of long duration.

Keystone

The British Rugby team photographed at Waterloo Station before their departure for a tour of New Zealand and Australia. Much disappointment has been felt that W. W. Wakefield, who was to captain the team, had to withdraw owing to an injury that he sustained last January

MORE HORSES FOR YOUR NOTE BOOK

Lady Lettice Lygon, the elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Beauchamp, and her fiancé, Mr. Richard Cotterell, whose marriage will take place shortly. The latter is the only son of Sir John Cotterell, Bart., and the late Lady Evelyn Cotterell

Topical

Lenare

Miss Violet Cameron. Her wedding to Mr. John Stewart, of Ardvolich, Perth, takes place to-day, April 23, at St. Margaret's, Westminster

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

MIDLOTHIAN. Taken out of the Derby last year owing to the death of Lord Rosebery. Has wintered well and I have glowing accounts of his work at Headquarters. Wager with confidence for early engagements.

RENT. Carried a number of substantial bets when last out. The daughter of Vencedor was simply beaten by a better horse at the weight and will pay to follow.

BELLIGERENT. Had a big following at Lingfield but took no part in the race. Unfortunately for backers, the rider was thrown at the gate. Money will be recovered.

EAGLERAY. Was beaten by the smart Polesden at Lingfield. Was a "springer" in the market and apparently little danger was expected. Finished strong. Continue to support with confidence.

TUFFAN appears good to follow. Although the exposed Culzean—second in the "Lincoln"—was in the field and won, following 800 to 100, all sorts of big bets were ratified at Ayr.

PHLOX is a nice-looking youngster, but the opposition at Lingfield was too formidable. Once approaching the distance she looked like doing the trick, but compounded and probably got baulked when commencing her run.

The Empire Ball

THE Prince of Wales has promised, by cable, to be present at the Empire Ball at the Albert Hall, which, like the Midnight Revue, will be on behalf of the British Legion. There will be a pageant, "Britain and her Industries," and a number of professional and amateur beauties will take part. The ball will follow a four-days' fair. Plans have been made to turn the Albert Hall into a vast market where East will really meet West.

Patronesses

NO fewer than six duchesses, three marchionesses, ten countesses, eight viscountesses, and five High Commissioners have promised their patronage to this really worthy cause. The Empire Ball itself takes place on Monday, May 26, the day before the third and fourth Courts. The Fair will be opened by Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught on May 21, and will continue until Empire Day. One of its features will be a street of shops, formed of the thirty-six boxes on the ground floor of the Albert Hall.

L.N.A.

Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Brian Guinness leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, after the christening of their son. The godfathers, who included Mr. Evelyn Waugh, the novelist, kept their little godson waiting at the Church

A "FLYING" MATINEE Planet News

Sir Sefton Brancker with Miss Auriol Lee, the producer of "Nine to Six" (left), and Miss Anna May Wong. They are seen at Hanworth Aerodrome, where the two ladies received a lesson in flying

Golf at Gleneagles

THE Gleneagles "Silver Tassie" Golf Competition to be held on Wednesday, May 21, promises to

A SPORTING FIXTURE AT GLENEAGLES

afford some excellent sport. It is open to all amateur golfers who are members of any recognised golf club and who have a club handicap of four or less, and the competition will be played by strokes over thirty-six holes—one round on the King's Course and one round on the Queen's Course—subject to the condition that in the event of there being more entrants than the courses can conveniently accommodate on one day a committee of the directors of the London, Midland and Scottish Railway Company will consider and decide as to the exclusion of the higher handicap entrants between a handicap of two and a handicap of four.

Star Photos

Members of the Scottish Division of the Hotels and Restaurants Association at Gleneagles Hotel. Seated in the group, from left to right, are Mr. G. A. Calazel (Peebles), Mr. G. E. Adams (Edinburgh), Miss L. M. Blair (Aberdeen), Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Turier (Edinburgh), and Mr. A. Duthie (Glasgow). They are seen with the Golf Trophy presented by the last named

The "Silver Tassie" Prize

THERE is no entrance fee for the competition, and the player with the lowest aggregate of strokes for the two rounds will be the winner. The prize will be in the form of a silver tassie—a Scottish Quaich or Cup—and will remain the property of the railway company. The winner will be asked to accept a replica of the silver tassie, which he will permanently retain, and his name will be inscribed on both the tassie and its replica, whilst the runner-up will be asked to accept a silver medal. Names and addresses of intending competitors, along with a certificate of club handicap, must be lodged with the Gold Course Secretary at the Central Hotel, Glasgow, on or before Tuesday, May 13.

Planet News

Aircraftsmen from Halton helping to launch a glider during the meeting of the London Glider Club, near Wendover. Members achieved some remarkably good flights

L.N.A.

Lord Ronaldshay and his sister, Lady Violet Dundas, on racing bent. They are seen in the paddock during the recent meeting at Newbury

G.P.U.

The start of the Mile Race at the recent Public Schools Sports at Stamford Bridge, won by D. E. C. Trench, of Stowe, seen third from the right. Belford again won the Championship with 52½ points, Lancing being second

"CELEBRITIES DISGUISED"

OUR NEW COMPETITION

Turn to page 171 and learn how you can win a fine Rover Saloon Car, valued at £335, in addition to numerous cash prizes. Start recognising now

POLITICIANS AT WORK AND PLAY

Members of the British Commonwealth Delegation discussing notes in the garden of St. James's Palace. They are Sir Maurice Hankey (left), the Clerk of the Privy Council, Mr. Arthur Henderson, the Foreign Secretary, the Prime Minister, Mr. A. V. Alexander, the First Lord of the Admiralty, and Mr. Wedgwood Benn, the Secretary of State for India

Photopress

Central Press

Mr. Philip Snowden, the Chancellor of the Exchequer. His Budget was awaited with more than usual interest, owing to his refusal to let the smallest kitten—let alone a cat—out of the Exchequer bag before his Budget Speech on April 14

L.N.A.

Mr. Stanley Baldwin temporarily deserts the political for the sports arena, and is seen chatting with Ted Phelps, the professional sculler, at Putney on Boat Race day. Mr. Baldwin followed the race in one of the launches

MAINLY ABOUT LORD BEAVERBROOK By "Kim"

If there be any stable market in politics, now the secrets of the charnel house—beg pardon, the Budget—are revealed, the stock of Lord Beaverbrook should experience a further rise, whilst that of Snowden and Company slump yet lower. The Budget, as one might expect from, perhaps, the most narrow-minded bigot in politics, shows no glimmer of imagination. Sixpence on the Income Tax paralyses the middle classes, who already meet the bulk of direct and indirect taxation, and are to-day absolutely fed up with having to pay for other people's children improvidently brought into the world, as well as maintain an army of not only unemployeds, but often unemployables.

The further imposition in seizing 50 per cent. of an estate over two million pounds means that the Socialists intend to rob the rich to catch the proletariat vote, and in doing so will compel the rich to invest their fortunes in foreign countries, or refuse to save or invest their capital to assist employment. With such tyranny, who can blame them? Worst of all, because so cruel to the working classes, is Mr. Snowden's decision to kill the Safeguarding Duties at their dates of expiry. Thus foreign motor cars, lace, pottery, and other things can be dumped here like German wheat, and lead to the closing of factories and further unemployment of British peoples. It is an unimaginative and a class-hatred Budget, and I hope Mr. Baldwin will not only fight it tooth and nail, but promise that this execrable Snatch-and-Grab new taxation shall be remitted directly he has power to do so.

It must be admitted that Mr. Baldwin's chance to-day is due directly to Lord Beaverbrook's lead of Empire Free Trade. The former Max Aitken, Bonar Law's friend, has led the Conservative Party (except Lord Salisbury and a few others) from the greasy Slough of Despond to confidence and hope. To-day, more than ever, the public will grasp the friendly hand of Lord Beaverbrook and his Empire Free Trade to reconstitute the finances of the country and lead them to pastures new, where prosperity awaits them, as well, too, as to give birth to a new conception of our illimitable but neglected Overseas Empire. With Empire Free Trade a new era will open with the oversea Dominions.

Lord Beaverbrook is a delightful personality; warm-hearted, with a great knowledge of the world; utterly unsnobbish; with a marvellous sense of humour, a little impish, perhaps, indeed, possibly in some respects a modern Puck. He is generous to a degree and tolerant, and, like many such, is inclined on occasions to be a little too confiding, although it is a good fault. The only thing about his amazing career—for everything he has touched has turned to gold in his hand—I can find fault with is that he accepted a peerage. It is one of the curses of our rotten political system that the distinguished men who accept this honour automatically abandon the chance of being Prime Minister. If Lord Beaverbrook had remained plain Max Aitken the mantle of his friend Bonar Law would to-day fall upon his shoulders. He is a brilliant speaker, he appeals to Youth, and his enthusiastic meetings up and down the country have proved the popularity of his Call to Arms.

A NEW PORTRAIT OF LORD BEAVERBROOK

By Howard Coster, Photographer of Men

In view of Lord Beaverbrook's activity in the realm of affairs generally, and the marvellous way in which he has contrived to put some badly needed "pep" into the Conservative Party, "The Bystander" is proud to have obtained this special sitting of his Lordship. He may be described as the leader of Young Britain's hopes for the future greatness of the Empire and aims of Empire Free Trade

AT THE PLAY

ANOTHER WAR PLAY

By Vernon Woodhouse

Mabel Robey

Herbert Mundin, comedian and most welcome recruit to the Co-Optimists, now giving their cheery performance at the London Hippodrome

"Suspense," at the Duke of York's Theatre

JUST because *Journey's End* is not only a magnificent play, but also one of the greatest popular successes which has ever been written, there is no reason why other dramatists should not take a hand in the War game and see what they can do with it.

MR. PATRICK MACGILL was evidently of this opinion when he wrote *Suspense*, and I applaud his courage, because, even though not expressed, comparisons are inevitable, especially as, in this case, most of the action of his play takes place in a dug-out, and a dug-out in *Suspense* must bear a very close resemblance to the dug-out in Mr. R. C. Sherriff's play. Where the difference lies is in the fact that in Mr. MacGill's tragedy—tragedy lightened by humour—it is not the officers in the main who are the protagonists, but the rank and file.

THE start of *Suspense* is first rate. We are at once both mystified and curious. Why, on what appears to be a quiet sector of the front, are the troops so nervy? Why are they so anxious to go? Why do they even leave lashings of rum rations as a kindly gift to those who are about to take over? The relieving troops, who are old to the game, at once smell a metaphorical rat—they do not agree with the gentleman rookie who judges the dug-out as "ripping."

AND shortly the audience are let into the secret. A sort of tap-tapping noise is heard in the bowels of the earth. The Germans are digging a mine beneath the trench. While the noise continues safety is assured, for it proves that everything is not yet ready. But when it stops? No wonder that the silence is even more terrifying than that damnably reiterated tap-tap-tap.

THAT is as far as the first act takes us as regards action. With leisurely brush the portraits of the men thus in danger of a dreadful death are sketched, and, without much further action, the second act is used to show how the awful ordeal is further endured. The rookie—a son of wealthy parents—who is mothered by the sergeant and the captain—breaks first. Despite the fact that he knows troops will be shot as deserters if seen in no man's land, he makes a bee-line for the German lines in order to be taken prisoner, but for a reason not clearly defined he returns with two Germans he has captured while removing wire. I thought that the story would develop in this direction, but, in effect, this is a red-herring, for the author has no particular story to tell.

IN the third act the company are relieved, and we leave the dug-out and find them wearily wending their way to rest billets in a scene called "On a Duckboard." But there is no rest for them except eternal. The mine is fired, the Germans break through, and death comes to them in resisting the attack.

Cigarini

Peggy Ashcroft, chosen to play Desdemona in Maurice Browne's production of "Othello," in which Paul Robeson will play the title role

BUT, though this play is deficient in story and action, Mr. MacGill can interest us in his characters. The best of the bunch—perhaps because he is most sympathetic—is Scruffy, as cheery a soul as ever donned khaki. The cleverness of this portrait lies in the fact that Scruffy is not entirely unimaginative, and behind all his philosophy and calm we feel that it is only by an effort of will that he can keep command of himself. This part is superbly played by Gordon Harker, who achieved a veritable triumph.

TWO other clearly defined characters are the Irish groucher, Lomax, and Brett, a man who has "found religion" and is prepared for death at any time. Sidney Morgan and Oswald Dale Roberts make much of these two. As the boy suffering from nerves, Robert Douglas played very cleverly, and Vincent Holman was a lifelike sergeant.

THIS play, though interesting, is no masterpiece, for it does not grip the attention firmly throughout, but it is yet a very clever piece of work, marred, however, by the violence and indecency—yes, indecency—of some of the language. Let the author protest ever so vigorously that the troops used worse words than those the Censor has permitted to be said on the stage, yet he is wrong in employing them. A play is not strengthened by strong language. Artistically, suggestion is infinitely to be preferred and infinitely more difficult to write!

The Co-Optimists at the London Hippodrome

OLD friends and new ones are found in the new Co-Optimists' programme. Amongst the old there are Davy Burnaby, explainer in chief; Phyllis Monkman, who dances as delightfully as ever; Stanley Holloway, a tower of strength; and Elsie Macfarlane, still singing to us. The valuable new recruits includes Mimi Crawford, who can sing and dance delightfully; Cyril Ritchard, well known in musical comedy; Joan Barry, an appealing little person, and Eric le Fre, whose eccentric dances are amusing.

LAST, but by no means least, there is Herbert Mundin, who has not been seen in London for some time. Years ago I "spotted" him as a comedian of promise, and this promise has been fulfilled. He is an actor who can be genuinely funny and also, when the occasion demands it, add a touch of pathos to his work.

BOTH new and old received a warm welcome, which they well deserved, for their programme is a good one, and will be better still when some weak spots are replaced by something stronger. The gem of the evening, to my mind, was a burlesque of Cicely Courtneidge and Jack Hulbert by Phyllis Monkman and Stanley Holloway—this was burlesque at its very best.

V. W.

"THE THREE MUSKETEERS," AT DRURY LANE

Our artist, H. H. Harris, has come away from Drury Lane Theatre with the above impressions of some of the principals performing in this romantic musical comedy, in which Dennis King proves himself the Douglas Fairbanks of the stage

PARIS GOSSIP

CHANGES AND CHARMS IN PARIS

By Sylvia Lyon

Sketches by NORMAN KAY

"Except that its poets were better looking"

THERE is nothing like a bright Spring morning (just one minute while I look out of the window . . . well, it *was* a bright Spring morning) to make one feel that Paris is a bright new show, much brighter than any of the new plays, such as *Les Trois Henris*, by André Lang, at the Comédie Française, with its sanguinary and spluttering duel between Henri III and the Duc de Guise. With all the balanced and intelligent sentimentalising that is going on in Paris over the year 1830, I much prefer living now—by that I mean I cannot see what improvements that epoch had to offer except that its poets were better looking.

I WALKED down the Avenue Montaigne and saw, crossing the Rue François Premier, a group of horses being led to the Grand Palais, and reflected that a couple of hours previous—in fact, at the ghastly hour of half-past eight—there had been an exhibition d'equitation for riders from fifteen to twenty-one years old, which shows that the youth of to-day is not so hopeless. I then saw a large and glorious flat to let at the Rond Point, which shows that the housing situation in Paris is not entirely despairing, providing that you are a millionaire. Then I looked opposite, where, above Sherry's, and close to where the trees are starting to blossom, Cécile Sorel has installed herself in another flat decorated in an up-to-date theme showing variations in gold. She is in Egypt now, and the old joke is revived that when the Sphinx saw her she held out her paws and cried, "Maman!"

I THEN walked down the widened and curving and white-façaded Avenue Montaigne, past the house where Heine died, and saw a very clever thing: a shop is being built under an old, graciously designed house, and, nailed over the entire future shop front, is the drawn and painted design, on an immense piece of paper, representing what the finished shop will be.

AND, instead of being modern, as most of the new shop-fronts are, this will carry out the classic design of the floors above. And then in Bernheim Jeune's side window I saw a sombre but virile grey and green still-life of Vlaminck, with a note of luscious dark red, and thought that if he keeps up he will be another Chardin. Then I turned down the Faubourg St. Honoré under difficulties, because it is rather torn up. I avoided the Elysée, as motor cars are always darting out, and I usually have a guilty feeling about nothing at all while passing the soldiers on guard; but, crossing the street, I had to pass the soldiers standing before the Ministry of the Interior. I may add that one of the soldiers deliberately winked at me, and said, "Ah, la belle blonde!" which, in all modesty, I blamed on the time of year, but, nevertheless, I should have been furious and reported it to M. André Tardieu.

"One of the soldiers deliberately winked at me"

THEN, walking on down town, I saw a most lovely old desk-set of lapis lazuli and silver gilt, and an enormous box of malachite, and could not understand the outrageous prices the jewellers are asking for cigarette-cases inlaid with mere slivers of malachite, which they say is impossible to find in large quantities, and is as delicate to handle as chalk. I soon found myself in the Rue Cambon, with a monstrous rock crusher snapping and growling, evidently getting the street ready for the foreign invasion.

THE next thing I knew was that the Paris correspondent of THE BYSTANDER was seen lunching with the Princesse Lucien Murat and Chanel. And I find it truly remarkable the way in which the most sophisticated people stand or sit open-mouthed and staring at Chanel as though she were some mystery brought to light. She was most chic in a brown and beige-mixed jersey suit from Chanel, I presume, and a lot of pearls, and her hair curled under a beige Jersey béret.

(Continued on page 172.)

"Stand or sit open-mouthed and staring at Chanel"

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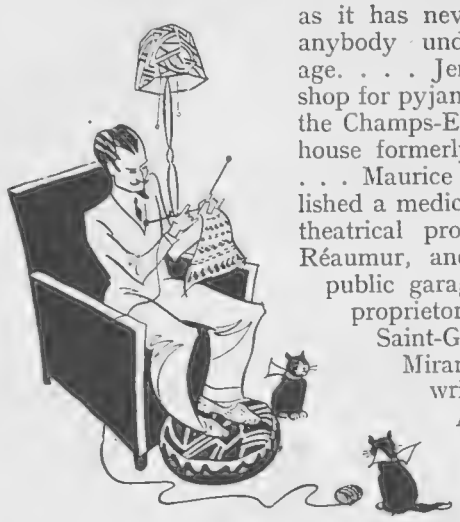
PARIS GOSSIP (continued from page 170)

MAURICE CHEVALIER RUNNING A CHEMIST'S SHOP

I ASKED the Princesse Murat if she had seen Jacques-Emile Blanche lately, and she said that that very morning she had received a note from Blanche saying that he had been awakened the night previous by the arrival of a telegram announcing that he had been awarded a cravat. This had puzzled him considerably, and he thought that perhaps he had won a cravat at some charity tombola, and wondered what colour it would be. But now he knows. It is bright red, as the cravat is the insignia of a Commander of the Legion of Honour.



"Express it by knitting divine pull-overs"

THEN Madame Murat said that there is a new game called La Honte, meaning shame, but don't be alarmed, it is only about books. The idea is to name a book which you should have read but haven't, and should be ashamed of yourself. At some friends' the other night she mentioned not having read the "Princesse de Cléves." But the prize went to a great grandson of Victor Hugo, who confessed, or boasted, having never read one line of "Les Misérables." Chanel said that another great grandson, Frederick Victor Hugo, has never read anything of his illustrious ancestor's, but is very talented, and expresses it by knitting divine pullovers.

BY the way, we were lunching in the Ritz Grill, and the Duchesse de Aliaga, the sister of the Duke of Alba, was there. But to go on with my story: I told Chanel about the dressmaker who was offered ten million francs by a capitalist if he would give a job to a girl for five hundred thousand francs, and Chanel said, "What a good idea. Then in a few years he will have all his money back!"

CAPTAIN MOLYNEUX has been made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, which is quite remarkable, as it has never been awarded to anybody under forty years of age. . . . Jenny Dolly is opening a shop for pyjamas and déshabillés in the Champs-Elysées—in fact, in the house formerly run by Georgette. . . . Maurice Chevalier has established a medical dispensary for the theatrical profession in the Rue Réaumur, and has given up the public garage of which he was proprietor. . . . Sacha Guitry, Saint-Granier, and Yves Mirande are going to write talkies for America. . . . General Weygand, Chief of Staff of the French Army, is going to write a book in answer to Clemenceau's "Grandeurs et Misères d'une Victoire," the latter book appearing this week chez Plon. . . . Edouard Bourdet, the author of "Le Sexe Faible," has been made an officer of the Legion of Honour. . . . Léon Daudet is off again. He now refers in print to Poincaré as "le faux juriste, le sale petit Tartuffe, le double face de la rue Marbeau." Outside of that he seems to think that Poincaré is a nice fellow, and makes no remarks on his ability as referee in the divorce case between the Princesse Héréditaire de Monaco and the Prince Pierre, formerly the Comte de Polignac. . . . Jean Cocteau will shortly publish a book with the inviting title of "Opium" for the literary élite, as the edition will be expensively limited . . . A secretaryship for tourisme has been established in the Tardieu Cabinet, which I think is a very good idea, and an official tourist information bureau has been opened at the corner of the Avenue Georges V and the Rue Vernet.

CECILE SOREL — Central News

The famous French actress photographed at the Parthenon. The Greek poets invited her to play the rôle of Phedre for the coming festival which will take place at Delphes

NOW that I come to think of it, Easter is here, and perhaps I should provide a little information myself. Don't forget, because I frequently do, that the large department stores are closed on Monday mornings, as are the museums. The latter charge no admission on Thursday, a fact which I always recall on Friday. At the Louvre for a few weeks are the anonymous triptyque from the Church of the Madeleine in Aix-en-Provençe, the three panels united for the first time, and also the Mantegna predella of San Zeno, which is now seen in its unity for the first time since 1799, as the Government has heretofore foolishly divided the panels between the Louvre and the Museum of Tours. By the way, if you enjoy literature with your lunch you can find souvenirs of Pascal and Racine amid the ruins of Port-Royal, and near by, at St. Rémy le Chevreuse, is the restaurant La Mère Yvon. This is about a half-hour's ride from Paris, by way of St. Cloud.

S. L.

"If you must have literature with your lunch"

BY STARR WOOD

"What fur is that she's wearing?"
"Rabbit, of course, my dear—look where she lives!"

if . . . gossip

THE GRAVE, AND—— *Raphael*

Miss Evelyn Arden, the famous English contralto, who will be appearing in opera at Covent Garden for the seventh consecutive season. She will be heard at a Charity Matinee in aid of the Pettit Farm Social Centre on May 1 at the the house of Sir Philip Sassoon

Now that overcoats are being shed by such males as Mr. Snowden's Budget enables to retain a jacket underneath, we come to the metropolitan wearing of "plus-fours," by which I do not mean the wearing of "plus-fours" on the Underground Railway. As an enthusiastic non-golfer I cannot enter into the question of the suitability of these garments in bunkers and things. But why are they worn in large cities by visitors who come pouring in?

You do not find a Londoner plus-fouring himself except, perhaps, on Saturday mornings when he is putting in a few hours' work preparatory to brave deeds at Sunningdale or Porter's Park after lunch. It is the young American men and all the young American boys who favour this fashion in the neighbourhood of the Savoy, the Carlton, and other notable West-End hotels. I have never yet seen a Parisian in plus-fours. Yet Englishmen who would never think of donning such suits in Piccadilly or Pall Mall stroll down the Rue de la Paix in floppy, flappy knickerbockers, made of tweed that smells so unmistakably of tweed, rough stockings with silly little bits of coloured wool dangling from the tops, and brogue shoes with soles as thick as those of a diver's boots.

By Leslie Butler

PRODUCER (*interrupting*): "How far have you got?"
SINGER: "To the refrain"
PRODUCER: "Then please do!"

THERE seems to be an aggressive streak in both British and American visitors to foreign cities which impels them to make a point of dressing in a way that the permanent inhabitants of those cities do not dress. There is not even the excuse of comfort.

"Plus-fours" are not particularly comfortable in towns or when the weather is fairly warm, and hob-nailed shoes are not suitable for pavements. Yet, now that the Easter vacation is on us, Paris is full of betweeded and thick-soled Englishmen and English women, the former puffing at pipes as if they were strolling through a village street instead of the Boulevard des Capucines. Why is this? Fashion is not to blame.

THE more I go to Paris, the more I realise that the British there are exactly like the French caricatures of them. One never really sees—or, at

Some of the guests at a luncheon party given by Mr. Harry Preston, Wing-Commander Louis Greig, C.V.O., M.B., and Mr. Arthur G. Gre entertainment at the Royal Albert Hall on April 16 in aid of H.R.H. the Duchess of York's Maternity Centre of the Royal Free Hospi ground with Mr. J. W. H. T. Douglas, of cricket and boxing fame, on his left. The Chairman is Lord Riddell, with Lord Decies, on the l Louis Greig is seated at the end of the centre table, with Sir Albert Levy on the left, while Mr. Arthur Gre

we must...

any rate, one does not seem to notice—the tall, lanky, long-toothed women and the loud-voiced, rubicund, flat-footed and pipe-smoking men, so beloved of the French comic papers, here at home. Once across the Channel and they can be seen everywhere.

There is a happy medium, of course (though the only medium I ever knew was a miserable devil). I think I would sooner see "air ain folk" garbed like this than too slavishly imitating the costumes and customs of the Continent.

Bright Young People and the Chelsea Insignificants, who celebrate a trip to Spain by wearing Spanish hats and cloaks ad nauseam, both there and for months after they get home, are inconceivably annoying.

LORD RIDDELL, as a post-prandial orator, is in the class of the late Lord Dewar, whose death is so greatly to be deplored. I was his neighbour at the lunch given by Wing-Commander Louis Greig and Harry Preston as a preliminary canter to the successful boxing tournament in aid of the Royal Free Hospital. Lord Riddell took no notes of any kind and no drinks of any kind, except water, for he is a life-long teetotaler. But he got up and talked without hesitation for ten minutes in amusing and illuminating fashion.

The illuminating part of his speech included the news that the Royal Free Hospital treats 800 people a day—more, even, than Aubrey Hammond does.

Lenare

—THE GAY

A study in laughter of Maisie Gay, the funniest actress on the stage, who, in a variety of parts, is delighting the large audiences who witness "C. B. Cochran's 1930 Revue," at the London Pavilion

Raphael

Don Rose and Marian Stadler, American comedy acrobatic dancers, who have lately fulfilled engagements at the Kit-Cat Restaurant and the Palladium. They were formerly in the famous Ziegfeld Midnight Follies Company

at the Piccadilly Hotel, where details of an amateur boxing were announced. Mr. Harry Preston is seated in the fore-sitting next to the Hon. Max Aitken. Wing-Commander is behind him on the right

He told a good story which, if a chestnut, was no chestnut to me. A woman declared that her husband was suffering from syncopation. As she refused any further explanation the word was looked up in a dictionary. The definition given was "an irregular movement from bar to bar."

WHAT is the most fashionable word of the moment? I do not allude to catch-phrases, which have been steadily going out of use since "What ho, she bumps!" and "How's your father?" died the death, but to single words which for a time seem to creep into inordinate use.

I should say, definitely, that the prevailing word is "definitely." Young women are particularly partial to it. "I am, definitely, going away for the week-end," "So-and-so's dress was definitely hideous," are sentences one hears a score of times daily. I must give the word a long, long rest—definitely.

A DEFIN—I mean, a decidedly good party was that given by Mr. William Boosey and Mr. C. B. Cochran to celebrate the 300th performance of *Bitter Sweet*. The latter, in his boyish enthusiasm, asserted in the course of an excellent speech, during which, like Felix, he kept on walking, that "Noel Coward is the one figure in the world of the theatre to-day to whom I would apply the word 'genius.'"

C. B. C. must repeat that to Sacha Guitry when he sponsors the next Guitry season in London and to Bernard Shaw when he attends the first night of the 1931 London Pavilion revue. But no matter. Noel *is* undoubtedly a genius, though not the only one.

PEGGY WOOD made a speech so sincere, so eloquent and so direct, that I did not even smile when she declared how lucky she was to have played Portia in America, for it had

A DRAMATIST AT SEA (LITERALLY)

helped to make her worthy to play the heroine of *Bitter Sweet*.

Besides, I believe she meant it, for her loyalty to "the show" knows no bounds and she is a good sort. If we can only get it firmly established that there is no better training ground than Shakespeare for fitting aspirants for the loftier rôles of Coward, Shakespeare may yet again be seen in London, and the Bard of Avon may justify himself in, of course, this subsidiary capacity.

S

NOEL COWARD, by the way, should be back in England by the middle of May after his trip round the world. He started this before Christmas by going to New York. He then went to Hollywood, crossed the Pacific, stayed for some time at the Imperial Hotel, Tokio, and then left for China, with which he declared himself entranced.

As I write he is at sea somewhere between Hong Kong and Colombo, where he has arranged to spend a few days with a brother, who is a tea-planter there. I often wonder what would have happened to the world had Noel been a tea-planter instead of a dramatist—or if Jack Hulbert had gone to Oxford instead of to Cambridge.

By STAN TERRY

CLIENT: "But she has been saying the most dreadful things about my face"

SOLICITOR: "Yes, Yes! I know. But I don't advise you to sue. It would cost you more than the whole thing's worth"

Central Press

The latest on the Riviera is a miniature electric motor car for messenger boys. These cars do not attempt to race the Blue Train!

"I Remember, I Remember"

(With apologies to the dear old poem)

I REMEMBER, I remember
The days of long ago
When skirts hung lower than the knees
By but an inch or so;
And, though no cricketer, whene'er
I strolled the busy street
I often made a "glance to leg"
When girls I chanced to meet.

I remember, I remember
The skirts that were so high,
It looked as though they soon would not
Reach lower than the thigh.
I used to say (oh, Hypocrite!)
"They make me blush, I vow!"
But, oh, those days now dead and gone,
How much I miss them now!

I remember, I remember
The "calf love" that was mine
Before the dresses trailed the ground
In Nineteen Twenty-Nine,
But though those shapely nether limbs
We see, alas! no more,
Their owners, I rejoice to say,
I find I still adore!

B. W.

Planet News

Mr. E. Whitney Smith, the sculptor, at work in his studio on some masks to be used for the living cartoons which will be a feature of Lady Birkenhead's Charity Matinee. Mr. George Belcher (left), the artist, assisting in the work on one to be used for the living representation of "Deeds That Ought to Win the V.C.," showing the sub-lieutenant taking the Admiral's Queen in a game of chess, an idea previously used by Mr. Belcher in an amusing drawing

AN UNFORTUNATE INTERVIEW

PRELIMINARY publicity may, in some circumstances, be rather awkward. On the afternoon of the production of *Suspense*, Patrick MacGill's war play, London read that in this piece was to be represented Lady Inverclyde's brother, who was gassed after the Battle of Loos.

Lady Inverclyde, better known to the public as June, chatted most amiably to a reporter about this brother who had gone gallantly out into No-man's land and so forth.

"To me it will be the most poignant of scenes," she said, to which the newspaper added, "To-night he will live again, for that gallant deed of his in front of the trenches will happen once more."

Well, the curtain went up—and that gallant deed in front of the trenches did not happen at all. What did happen was that the only character who could by the wildest stretch of imagination fit in with the interview and who was not a gor-blimey private soldier, was a young waster who lost his nerve, took to drink, and went out into No-man's land, not for any gallant reasons, but because he was hysterical with cowardice and wanted to reach the German lines in order to be taken prisoner and thus save his skin for the rest of the war. Understandable, perhaps, but hardly gallant.

Incidentally, this youngster in the play was given privileges not accorded to his fellow privates because the officer in command of the platoon was in love with his pretty sister. Not for one second do I suggest that Lady Inverclyde's brother behaved in the least degree like this. But the puff preliminary in this case created a most unfortunate situation.

Humour lay in the fact that an eminent dramatic critic was instructed by his news editor to ask June in one of the intervals what she thought of the character on the stage and the way it was interpreted. But that interview did *not* appear.

By Treyer Evans

THE LADY ON THE LEFT: "'E threatened to knock me brains out, 'e did, and the judge says 'e thought 'e ought to 'ave another chance!"

A caricature by H. H. Harris of Jack Payne who has been so often heard but not seen by B.B.C. listeners-in. This impression was secured at the Palladium, where the conductor and his band have been fulfilling an engagement and filling full the house

Photopress

Miss Elinor Glyn, who is taking a personal and financial interest in the fostering of British films, and has begun rehearsals on her second British talking film entitled, "The Price of Things"

Fashion Notes of Spring

By Blanche B. Elliott

Patou sponsors this striking slit-down-the-back evening model of black mousseline de soie, outlining the décolletage with a cape-like frill. The skirt shows a skilful design of horizontal lines and two box pleats lengthened to a slight train

An April day has a habit of catching us unawares with the vagaries of its changing temperature. Particularly difficult to suit with exactly the right costume are these early Spring days. The bright sunshine, with its kind of young brilliance, has a way of making our Winter coats look unutterably shabby, while should we venture hopefully out in our new Spring garments the wind sharpens to a biting blast so that even a helpful coating of powder cannot disguise the unbecoming tinge of pink to the tip of one's nose.

The French institute a period of demi-saison which is very useful to tide one over the difficult period between Winter and Spring, which applies equally to the between-Summer-and-Autumn period. Nothing is so unfortunate as to court a "last-rose-of-summer" appearance by clinging too long to Summer clothes; while the brisk freshness of new Spring apparel always has a more enjoyable edge on it during the first bright days. There is, of course, no special demarcation between Spring and Summer or Autumn and Winter, dress seasons which blend gracefully one into the other.

Ideal to wear just now are the new long Spring coats, and be it noted that for smart wear they are appreciably longer, but are—in case I should be misunderstood—still *inches* off the ground. A very nice version is made in the new sheer woollen weaves (that are so delightful and feel like a thick cotton crêpe) with a bolero-cape, which will be found, on the whole, more becoming to wear and not quite so universal as the full cape. It *must* be well cut, and, therefore, not so prone to be met in the cheap reproductions. The bolero-cape is generally repeated lower down by at least one other tier, and gives the loose-backed effect without exaggeration. Sometimes capes are edged with flat fur, in which case they have plain collars. Should one still prefer the high collar of fur and find the others not so useful or becoming, there will be, of course, no fur bordering the cape. There is much to be said for the very short cape bordered with fur, as it keeps the shoulders slim and, edged by a swirl of fur half-way down the arm, gives a good line.

With the long or three-quarter coat there is also the matching dress, which is made in the same sheer woollen. This is light yet warm and seems the fabric, par excellence, for the English climate. It is useful, too, to have a matching skirt with which can be worn one of the new printed mousseline blouses so many houses were showing in Paris. Keyed up into the above ensemble may be included a printed chiffon frock which will allow for plenty of alternation in your dress. We are getting our clothes more and more in sets, and it is a great economy, as well as a way to successful dressing, to build your wardrobe

A morning-frock of new navy blue woollen material patterned with white. Collar and cuffs are finished with white piqué. Model Jane Regny

Sketched for The Bystander *in Paris*

round a colour theme. One must, naturally, choose a colour that is becoming personally, and this year, happily, one has a wide choice. Navy blue has come into favour with black as the alternative, particularly for smart town wear. White is admirable with either and almost any other colour. Pink is also good with them, and, being sponsored by Patou, is in for a long run. There is an equal choice in Summer furs, which are still "flat," with galyac or broadtail as the first choice in black, white, or blonde colourings.

GREEN is much in vogue, and always is a particularly delightful choice for the Spring suit—for those who can wear it. But it is fatal to a sallow skin. A hint of rouge should be used if one is too pale and wants to favour green. For the clear-skinned type, whether blonde or brunette, it is charming and has the added advantage of being suitable for country wear, which it shares with beige and brown. The latter colours, by the way, always enjoy their meed of popularity.

YOKES are a new feature this season, and appear both on bodice and skirt. They are generally in a darker tone of the same colour, but may also be in contrast. They are very original in effect, but have the drawback of cutting up the figure, which can be best borne by the tall and slim. Schiaparelli showed the well-rounded yoke, which came down on to the shoulders in her coats, and the hip yoke in skirts, while Marcel Rochas featured the idea extensively. He made a short, loose, sleeveless coatee to wear over a yoked frock, which, when a bright colour or white was used, gave a kind of epaulette effect. Initials were much used by this house, embroidered on the blouse as well as on the shiny belts. A coat of shaved white goat was another striking model shown, useful for motoring or country wear.

SKIRTS are made full and outstanding in an endless variety of ingenious ways. Very new are the fan-shaped pleats which are inserted point upwards to flare outwards. The short tunic frill which stands away from the under-frill is an oft-repeated theme. Chanel was the first to do it, and this outstanding effect is obtained by godets, stiffening by horsehair, or the use of starched materials. The closely pleated frill is often ironed just round the edge, making it assume the desired effect to give it the outward and even upward trend that recalls the delightful upward curves of a Burmese dancer's skirt.

THAT frocks have their own individuality and character is recognised by the big Paris designers, who christen them with descriptive, daring, or equivocal titles. Some of the programmes make amusing reading, and usually describe them very well. One can understand such words as "L'heure Exquise" for a divine evening gown, "La Femme chic" for a charming black-and-white crêpe, and "Pour Lui" for an effeminate affair in taffeta, but when an apparently harmless but very taking little ensemble of navy, dotted finely with white, has a long coat called "D'ou viens tu?" with the frock "Zut!" one just begins to wonder a little!

A NOTE of warning must be uttered against the universal adoption of the Summer frocks of floating chiffon—particularly of the flowered variety. One must, at all costs, retain some kind of a "line" in the modern silhouette, yet it is so tempting to adopt, rather promiscuously, the dressy frock with ends and bits hanging about it. Actually this kind of frock is the most difficult wear for any but the very slim, but it is invariably the stout and short that make a bee-line for it. In New York there is a great deal of this kind of dressing, but in the heat waves that sweep that city the coolest garment possible is the most in request. On this side of the Atlantic, however, such picture frocks are best reserved for dinner or evening wear or for the formal garden-party.

B. B. E.

Scaioni

Lanvin shows a tendency for the draped turban to accompany tailored frocks and uses fine black straw and woollen tricot to evolve this charming model. The greater width one side and the coming of the curl are attractive features

Model Lanvin

FLASHES FROM THE PAST

HENRY VIII and HYMEN

By A. P. GARLAND

[*The curtain rises to disclose Bluff King Hal seated in one scale-pan of a large pair of scales, whilst a varlet is heaping weights in the other. Some distance away, a young man in Tudor garb, cap in hand, and with one knee on the ground, is gazing at the King reverently.*]

THE KING: From what paper, varlet?

REPORTER: An it please your Majesty, the *Tyburn Times*.

THE KING: Ha! Hast reported my visit yesterday to the tombs of my three late wives, Catherine, Anne and Jane, reading from left to right, to lay wreaths thereon?

REPORTER: Yea, Sire. In to-day's noon edition.

THE KING: 'Tis well. Didst mention the flowers wherewith I fain would keep their memories green?

REPORTER: Yea, Sire. Masses of love-lies-bleeding and eke bachelor's button.

THE KING: Well spoken. Yet another thing I would mention. Those "Would Ye Be Slim" exercises that some malapert knave advocates on Page Four.

REPORTER: Yes, Sire.

THE KING: Curses on the fellow! Daily have I followed the instructions for more than six weeks. Not since the days of Edward the Martyr has any English King suffered as I have done. And all in vain. Look at the scales and see the tragic results. Warn the Editor that the belt that encompasses the Royal stomach is two inches short of fulfilling its purpose, and that if better results are not soon to hand the headsman and he will settle the matter between them.

REPORTER: Yes, Sire.

THE KING: Now to what purpose hast come to see me?

REPORTER: Sire, the Editor humbly craveth to know what is the Royal matrimonial programme for the season.

THE KING: On that I have not yet made up my mind. I am still grievously perturbed over that Anne of Cleves affair.

REPORTER: Indeed, Sire?

THE KING: Yes. That rapscallion Cromwell hath dealt me a foul blow. He knew that I am a lonely man and was seeking a soul-mate—someone whose heart would beat in unison with mine, each to each, and he assayed to find her. But like many small men, y-clept statesmen, in a crisis he could not keep his head. Hear me? He could not keep his head?

REPORTER: I s-see, S-s-sire.

THE KING: "You've tried one Spanish and two English dames," said he to me, "wherefore not one made in Germany?" "I'll try anything once," quoth I, and allowed him to proceed. The world knows well what the fellow palmed off on me.

REPORTER: The Lady Anne of Cleves.

THE KING: Such, forsooth, was the soul-mate he planned that I should say "I will" to. Now I do not expect that Helens of Troy grow on every bush. There are some rough-hewn visages among the Court ladies. But the thought of facing this Cleves woman each morning at breakfast over the stoup of malvoisie was peculiarly revolting. One lesson hath it taught me—to trust no more to advance publicity. You hear me, sirrah?

REPORTER: Y-y-yes, S-sire.

"Verily, a sore thumb could have knocked me over when Cromwell said, 'This is Anne'"

THE KING: That alleged portrait of her wherewith Cromwell cozened me into making a match of it. By the bones of Bluebeard, the woman had a nerve to put that forward as a painting of herself. Thus when Cromwell brought her to me, I said, "I bid thee good-day, Mistress Cleves, and why tarryeth thy fair daughter Anne?" Verily a sore thumb could have knocked me over when Cromwell said, "This is Anne." So I pensioned her off.

REPORTER: Was she put out, Sire?

THE KING: Nay, I let her walk out. We Tudors never strike a woman, unless provoked.

REPORTER: So, Sire, we may tell our readers that for the moment the wedding bells of Westminster will not ring out a merry Royal peal?

THE KING: You have said it. There are one or two girls in the Royal eye just now, but never again will I be precipitate. I will find the right girl if I have to wed half England to do it. Note that carefully—half England.

REPORTER: No more imported, Sire?

THE KING: No. All home-killed—I mean home-bred, of course.

REPORTER: Then, Sire, you are undaunted by previous matrimonial experiences?

THE KING: 'Tis so. A soothsayer hath told me, "The first five wives are the worst."

BREVITIES

LIGHTNING and a woman driver never strike twice in the same place.

* * *

PROBABLY a girl shuts her eyes when she kisses a man because she is trying to remember his name.

* * *

EVEN a cynic believes in enduring love if he doesn't have to endure it too long.

* * *

INTERIOR decorators always seem to think you inherited your money.

BY FABIANO

LES VIEUX GARÇONS

THE MERRY WIV

BY T. HARDING

ES OF BLUEBEARD

QUALITY

ISSUED BY THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO. (OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND), LIMITED.

B.W.348.

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

THE LOVER.

By

DAPHNE Du MAURIER

Women often waste their love on the worthless. Miss Daphne du Maurier in this striking study of a professional lady-killer has painted a portrait which will be recognised as belonging to a type familiar throughout the ages

Illustrated by Howard K. Elcock

IT was ten-thirty on a wet morning in January. The telephone boxes were empty on the Piccadilly Circus subway, empty save for one at the right-hand corner by the entrance to Shaftesbury Avenue.

A woman stood there, her lips pressed close to the mouthpiece, the pennies clutched in her hand. She moved impatiently and flung a glance over her shoulder, and rattled the receiver.

"But I've repeated the number three times already. I tell you I want Gerrard 10550—Gerrard 10550."

She bit her lip and tapped her foot nervously on the floor..

"Of course there is somebody there. Will you please ring them again."

HE turned over in bed and reached for a cigarette. He yawned, stretched himself, and fumbled for his dressing-gown. Then he flung aside the bedclothes and strolled over towards his dressing-table.

He ran the comb through his hair and peered at the dark shadows beneath his eyes. His hand wandered towards the bottle of Bromo Seltza. When the telephone rang he frowned, and, making no attempt to answer it, wandered into the bathroom. The steaming water foamed from the taps; his dressing-gown slipped to the floor.

He lay back in his bath, a large sponge pressed to his chest, and watched his pale limbs beneath the water, flabby and mushroom-coloured. The smoke from his cigarette curled towards the ceiling. Still the telephone continued to ring on the little table beside the bed.

"Yes, Gerrard 10550. Can you clear the line again? There must be some mistake."

The woman's voice was very weary now, flat, with an added note of supplication. She raised her eyes and read once more the rules for Public Telephone service.

HE wrapped himself in a large warm towel and lit another cigarette. The rain splashed against the window. What an infernal row the telephone was making! He padded with bare feet into the bedroom.

"Hullo, what is it? Speak up; I can't hear a word."

The woman tilted her hat on the back of her head; her bag fell from her hand and crashed on the floor, spilling her change.

"At last! Oh, heavens, what a morning! Do you know I've been waiting here nearly half an hour? Were you asleep?"

"I suppose I was. What a time to ring, anyway! What d'you want?"

"What do you imagine? Don't you realise I have crept out of the house in this pouring, filthy rain, dressed anyhow, caring for nothing, husband and children waiting at home—only to speak to you. And then because I've wakened you up from sleep you snap at me in this beastly way . . ."

"Listen," he said quickly, "if you want to make a scene, go and make it to somebody else and not to me. I mean to say—life's too short . . ."

"Oh! you don't understand what I am going through because of you! I'm miserable, miserable. I haven't seen you for five days, and you don't apparently care."

"My dear, it's ridiculous to work yourself into such a state. You know perfectly well I'm terribly busy. I've not had a single moment."

"Where were you last night?"

"I worked until late, if you must know, and then went to bed."

"How do I know that you're speaking the truth?" Her voice was hard, suspicious. She could imagine the shrug of his shoulders.

"Oh, hell! If you're in that sort of mood, good-bye."

"No, no! I didn't mean it! Don't go! I am a fool." She clung to the receiver as though she was with him.

"Well, damn it! You make things so difficult. What do you think I did?" There was a pause.

THE woman fumbled for her handkerchief; she felt her mouth drag at the corner.

"What—what are you doing to-day?" she began desperately.

"Literally haven't a moment to-day," answered the voice briskly. "I'm up to my eyes in work. I've got to finish a story for an American paper."

"Couldn't I—couldn't I come and sit with you?"

"No. I can't work with anyone round; you must know that by now."

"What about this evening, or a second for lunch to-day? I've kept it absolutely free, thinking we should be together. I'm going off my head these long, empty days; this endless rain, this never seeing you for one single moment."

"I'm afraid it's impossible."

How far the voice sounded, how distant! If only she could be with him now!

"If you only knew how much I love you!" she said.

He moved restlessly and glanced at the clock on the mantelpiece.

"Listen. What's the use of all this? I've got to do some work."

"Then we aren't going to see each other at all to-day? I might just as well go away, go abroad, go right away from you. You don't care if you never see me again; you hate the sight of me; you . . ."

The senseless words poured from her mouth.

He closed his eyes wearily and yawned.

"Why go into all that now? You know how I hate scenes—discussions. Why are you complaining? After all, we've had a good time; it's been good fun; we haven't hurt anybody. What's the point of all this tangle of nerves?"

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to be tiresome, only it's never seeing you, never hearing you. Swear you aren't angry—promise you aren't angry. You see, I've been so unhappy. I'm loathsome, selfish—and you have your work. But if perhaps—loving you as I do—you . . ."

"Well, look. I'll ring some time later in the week. Good-bye."

She jabbed furiously at the receiver.

"Wait—wait! What are you doing to-morrow at half-past three?"

But there was no reply.

She straightened her hat and wandered uncertainly away.

HE rang the bell for the hotel exchange. "I say, if anyone rings again, say I'm working and can't be disturbed."

He stood before the window and watched the rain. What an effort it was, this continual being . . . If one told the truth for one moment there was the devil to pay. Women were a cope—a decided cope. Still, difficult to live without them—one way and another.

(All rights strictly reserved)

"Then we aren't going to see each other at all to-day?" she stammered. "You don't care if you never see me again; you hate the sight of me?"

He glanced at the letter that had arrived with his breakfast.

". . . And I'm so anxious for you to meet him, because he really is the most important publisher to-day. Naturally, a genius like you will find your feet anyway, but it does help to get in with the right people. Anyway, lunch at one as usual at the same place. No one will recognise me there. Isn't convention vile? I would like to shout about us from the housetops, and then we have to sneak to our meetings as though we were ashamed of the most marvellous thing in the world.

"Darling, when I think of last night I . . ."

Good lord! there were three—no, four pages of this. What a woman!

He placed the letter carefully in his note-case. One never knew . . . All the same, she must not shout things from the housetops. Sort of damn silly thing a woman would do. Still, she did not yet telephone him every hour of the day like the last one. She was very lovely—and very useful.

He wound up the gramophone that she had given him. He supposed he would be able to use her car again to-day. Impossible to walk a step in this rain. She had suggested giving him a car of his own.

Yes, she really was rather wonderful. He lounged in the chair while the record whispered in his ear:

"And that's why Chinks do it—Japs do it."

"Oh, but you look marvellous!" he told her; "marvellous! Shall we take this little table in the corner?—and then there will be no chance of anyone seeing us. Isn't that a new hat? But, of course, I adore it; I adore everything you wear."

She felt for his hand under the table and sighed.

"You know, sweetheart, when you talk to me like this I feel like chucking up everything and just going away with you. After all, what does scandal matter? We love each other. I don't care about losing my money; we could live in a garret, in a tent."

He forced a laugh. "Aren't you wonderful!"

Surely she would never dream of losing her head to such an appalling extent! Women had no sense of proportion at all.

"Just think, you and I starving in a garret," she went on dreamily.

"Yes, but it would be the action of a cad," he said quickly. "I should never forgive myself. How could I be so brutal to drag you away from all your comforts and luxury! It would be criminal."

He struck his fist upon the table. Rather dramatic this. He almost believed it himself.

"No," he continued gently, "we must try and content ourselves with things as they are. One day—oh, one day . . ."

He looked into her eyes. He could say this so many times, and it invariably rang true.

"You know," he said, as he glanced down the menu and chose mixed grill at 1*s.* 9*d.*—she might expect him to pay—"you know, I don't believe any two lovers have ever understood one another as we do. I can't explain; it's something that comes from the depths of one—a sympathy, a mutual form of self-expression . . ."

"I feel it, too," she answered breathlessly. "I'm sure people have said this before, but they've never meant it."

"Never meant it," he agreed gravely.

"Whereas with us everything is completely natural; neither of us has to pretend," she told him.

"That's what is really so marvellous," he said. "Have some iced water, darling; the wine here is terrible. No, what I was saying is that no two people have ever loved the same way as we have. It's so much more than just, you know. Sometimes I feel I could be completely happy if I didn't touch you, if . . ." He saw the cloud come over her face, so he changed his phrase with great presence of mind. "If only one didn't have a bodily existence it would be comparatively simple; you and I would never go through our agonies of separation. As it is I suffer tortures when we are apart."

"I know; that's why we ought to go away," she broke in.

"No, no—you must not. I will not muck your life." He spoke firmly, and stuck his fork into his mixed grill. "After all, we are happy in our fashion, aren't we? We see each other every day; we love each other; and there is no danger. No one will find out."

"Yes, it's perfect—but somehow—and since just a few days ago—I want to do so much for you. I want to slave for you; I want to be with you always!"

He had an uneasy pain in the pit of his stomach. Must she still harp on the subject? Was this affair going to be the same as the last one, all over again?

"God! If only I had some money of my own," he said gloomily. He stuck out his jaw and frowned.

"Money! What does money matter?" she said impatiently. "I hate money! I'd like to give it all away, and for you and I to go away on some old dirty ship."

He smiled weakly without enthusiasm.

"One day soon we will," she said.

His spirits sank rapidly.

"Of course there's no kick in being rich," he remarked carelessly, "but there's no doubt it does mean something in this callous world. One gets tired of striving and fighting, and sometimes one thinks, Why write? Why go on? To what end? It's agony being poor."

"But, darling, you know that you need never want for anything now you have me. All I have is yours, anything you care to ask for."

He wondered if she had forgotten about the car she had promised him.

"I can't go on taking things from you," he muttered, "You don't know how it hurts, how terrible it makes me feel."

"Now you're silly, you forget we are 'us,' and not two other people. Loving each other as we do these things become so simple and so natural. I mean, if our positions were reversed you'd do the same for me. Besides, I adore helping you."

"Do you? If only I wasn't so confoundedly proud."

"Oh! But you're a genius—no one expects you to understand money. You're above the sordid material things of life."

"Um—I suppose I am." He frowned and drummed with his fingers on the table.

Poor lamb, she thought, how artistic he is, how temperamental.

"You will let me help you, won't you?" she pleaded.

He shrugged his shoulders and pushed away his plate.

"If you must," he said sullenly.

He decided that the time had come for a change of mood. "Let's forget money, work, everything but that we are together," he said smiling. "After all, there is nothing else in the world, is there?"

"Nothing," she agreed.

"If only these people were not here and we were quite alone—like yesterday. D'you remember last night?"

"Remember—what do you think?"

Once more she felt for his hand under the table.

"Tell me, that woman you told me about, do you ever see her now?"

"Good Lord, no; besides, there was nothing in it, nothing at all. She was never anything more than a friend. She's gone abroad, I believe, with her children."

He bent to light a cigarette. Then he closed his eyes and waved aside the smoke.

"I want to kiss you for twenty-four hours without stopping."

She revelled in the old, worn words.

"Shall we go?" she murmured.

There was a slight awkwardness with the bill. She insisted on paying and he protested. Then, as he looked away, the distasteful moment passed.

To make up for this he hailed a taxi, aggressively rattling the change in his pocket. "But, of course, I'm going to see you home," he said reproachfully as she held out her hand. The taxi bumped amidst the traffic, and their kisses though ardent, were unsuccessful.

"If we could be like this always," he lied.

She smiled in ecstasy and fumbled for her powder puff.

He leant back with his feet on the opposite seat and prodded the floor with his stick.

"By the way," he began, "about that car you mentioned, I've been thinking it over . . ."

The party had been dull, tedious, and after all the man had never turned up. Only his daughter, a young unsophisticated girl, red elbows in evening dress. Not unattractive in profile, but too young, much too young. Still, he had made the most of his time. After all, her father was an important man. It never did to let opportunities like this occur merely to pass them by.

He spoke to her early in the evening, and towards the end he was still by her side.

"Do you know, I swear I am not flattering you, but the moment I saw you I said to myself "There is someone who will understand.' It was something about your eyes, I think."

The girl gazed at him, flushing.

"Oh! but nobody has ever talked to me like this before. You see, being my father's daughter they expect me to echo his remarks, and they don't seem to imagine for an instant that I have a mind of my own."

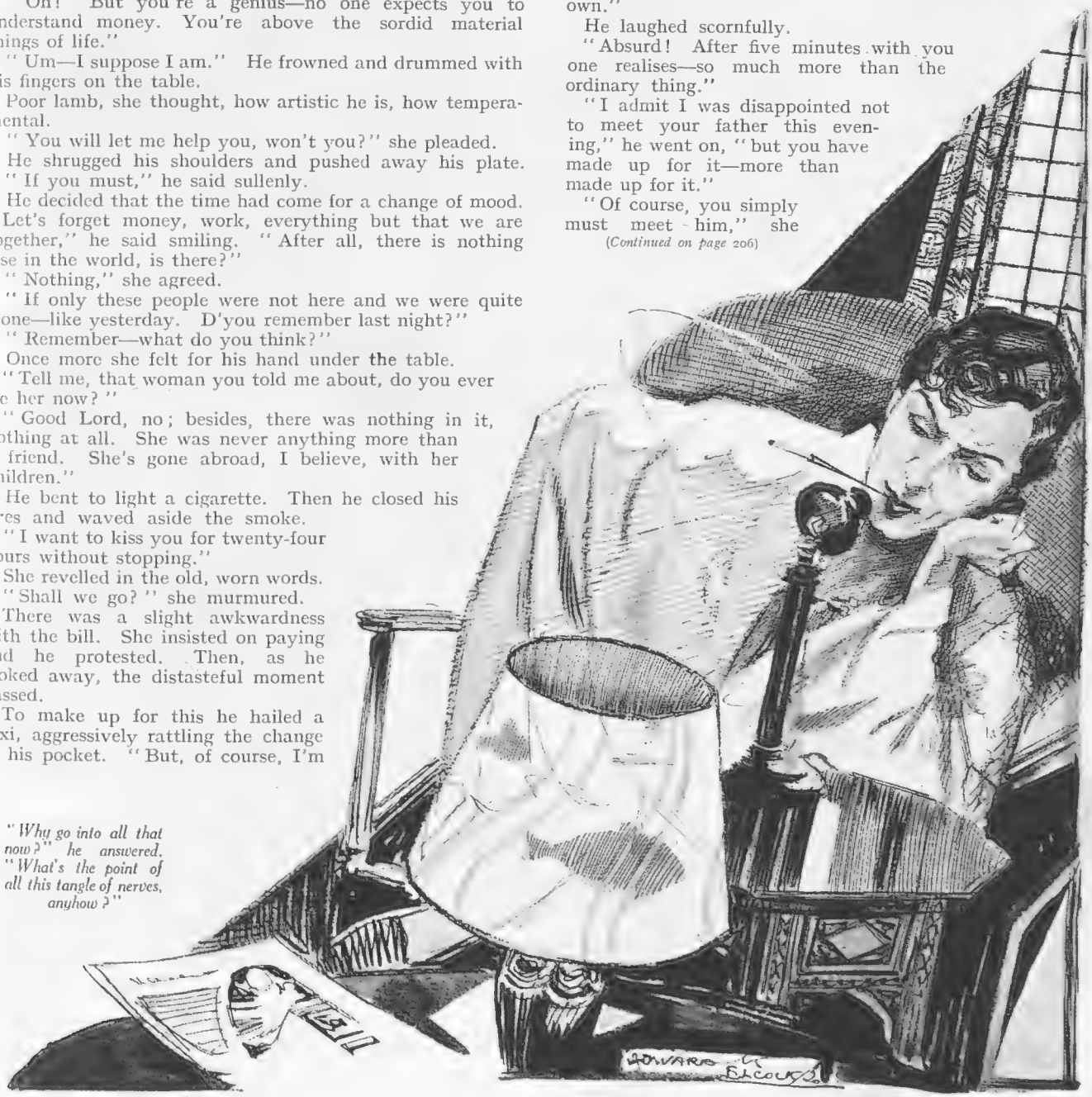
He laughed scornfully.

"Absurd! After five minutes with you one realises—so much more than the ordinary thing."

"I admit I was disappointed not to meet your father this evening," he went on, "but you have made up for it—more than made up for it."

"Of course, you simply must meet him," she

(Continued on page 206)



"Why go into all that now?" he answered. "What's the point of all this tangle of nerves, anyhow?"

FILM NOTES

HIGH EXPLOSIVES AND DE MILLE

By Lionel Collier

CECIL B. DE MILLE has been notable as a director on the silent screen for the way in which he capitalised legs, religion and spectacle; he used to present them impartially and mixed to a nicety, which the mandarins of Wardour Street would probably call "box office." His first talkie picture, "Dynamite," which has appeared at the Empire, is much better than his last silent film. It is all sheer melodrama, but none the worse for that, considering how well it is presented.

It is artificial, but then De Mille is nothing if he is not theatrical. If one can enjoy the "theatre," one can enjoy "Dynamite."

He contrasts, rather heavily, the luxurious life of the idle (American) rich with the sincerity of a miner. He gives us a woman who will not inherit a large fortune unless she marries by a certain date, and who, in her extremity—she is loved by a married man waiting for divorce—marries a murderer about to be hanged.

Of course, he is reprieved, and thus complications follow. The will not only demands that she shall marry but be living with him at a certain date.

Kay Johnson and Charles Bickford after the mine disaster, in "Dynamite," Cecil B. de Mille's first all-talking production

"The Torch" (Laura la Plante), is rescued from the dungeon by her followers. An exciting scene in "Captain of the Guard," Universal's all-talking operetta of the French Revolution, to be seen in the West End soon

Fuller Mellish and Helen Morgan as they appear in "Applause." Helen Morgan is an American stage actress, and this is her first film appearance

OUR heroine is not going to miss the heritage at any cost. She had, in fact, tried to buy off her lover's wife. So she goes to live in her husband's mining village, where she learns to love him.

Like all strong men, he fails to appreciate her until a pit disaster occurs in which she, the miner and the lover—who has come to fetch her back—are involved. This grouping is again very theatrical, but its possibilities are well worked out. Technically, the mine explosion is extremely well done.

The lover sacrifices himself to save the woman he loves and the hundred per cent. he-man he knows she loves.

The story is worth very little, but direction is excellent, and Cecil B. de Mille, even though he may at times overemphasise his characters, does keep them interesting.

Charles Bickford gives a very good performance as the reprieved murderer. It is natural and disarming. The same can be said of Kay Johnson as the woman. Hitherto she has been known as a stage rather than screen artist.

Conrad Nagel is effective as the modern lover whose wife is quite ready for him to divorce her if she gets sufficient alimony.

ONE of the best child studies I have seen comes from Muriel McCormack as the murderer's baby sister. While the director has exaggerated the behaviour of the American "Bright Young Things" beyond the bounds of satire, one must admit that he does keep a hold

(*Continued on page* 190)

MARJORIE MAY MARTYN

De Barron

This young English actress went to America with an André Charlot company and has made a great success there. Flo Ziegfeld engaged her for his Company, in which she was billed as "the Baby of the Follies." Since then she has starred in several musical shows. She hopes to return to England shortly to take the leading part in a production called "Animal Crackers," the rights in which are held by an American management

FILM NOTES (continued from page 188)

A BARRIE TALKIE AT THE PLAZA

George Arliss and Alice Joyce in "The Green Goddess," Warner Bros.' latest talking picture, which follows "Disraeli" at the Marble Arch Pavilion

on his audience's interest both in comedy and drama.

The final scenes in the mine where the three principal characters are trapped, and the manner in which two of them escape, are extremely skilful in their application, both from a photographic and dramatic standpoint.

BY the way, I was looking through the American notices of this picture and found such remarks as "Smashing Effects," "Spectacle, Drama and Thrills." It is "Big Box Office Stuff" again "Packs Box Office Wallop." "He has a daring theme, and with his magic showman touch has clothed it in a production of exotic loveliness."

Don't let this put you off.

A Barrie Talkie

BARRIE has, on occasions, been very roughly treated by American producers, but in the case of his "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals," the spirit of his work has been admirably reproduced.

It has been retitled "Medals," and has been given a special run at the Plaza.

The director, Richard Wallace, has captured the whole whimsical humour and sentiment which characterise an old lady's longing to have a vital part in the War and to feel the pride of motherhood.

Beryl Mercer and her charwomen friends concentrate on the week-end news in "Medals." A scene in the all-talking version of Sir J. M. Barrie's play, "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals," to be generally released shortly

He shows brilliantly her innocent deception of pretending she has a son, and also her efforts to retain him when the man whose name she has picked out of the paper actually comes into her life.

IN this he is assisted by the excellent acting of Beryl Mercer, who must be a living portrait of Barrie's imagined character. She is as whimsical in her mannerisms and behaviour as the author is in his words.

The "son" is played by Gary Cooper, who has hitherto mainly been associated with Western pictures. He shows very clearly in this that he is not a one-part actor. His performance is natural and convincing.

The old ladies, cronies of Ann Dowey, are extremely well characterised by Daisy Belmore, Nora Cecil and Tempe Pigott.

But it is not only the cast that is so well chosen. London poor-quarter locations might well have been taken in this country, and the whole atmosphere rings true.

SCENES at the Front have been added, but they do not intrude; in fact, they add realism. Naturally, the screen has a wider scope of action, and the director has taken advantage of this. He has added to, I feel, and not detracted from, the spirit of the original.

There is only one thing that is lacking. Anything so British in spirit should have been made in this country, but apparently we have let the chance slip.

America is always experimenting. To say that a picture is American is to say that it is backed by American money. Where they score so considerably is by utilising the talent of any and every nation.

A Russian Producer's Success

ONE of the talkies shown lately to the Press and which will be presented sooner or later, probably at the Plaza, to the public has as great a regard for the technique of the camera—that is, pictorial expression—as any I have seen recently.

"Applause" deals with the seamy side of theatrical life.

It is all rather melodramatic, but there is apparent sincerity behind it all.

The director is one Rouben Mamoulian, born of Armenian parents in Russia, who has several New York stage successes to his credit.

This is his first film, and it is much to his credit that he has wedded pictorial technique to the super-conventionalised technique of the talkie. L. C.

DREAMS BY WORTHINGTON

THE MOTORIST'S DREAM

"STARS" AT SPORTING EVENTS

Great interest being shown in the finish of one of the races at the Beaufort Hunt Steeplechases, recently held at Alderton, Hunts. Several well-known riders entered and there was a large number of well-known people among the spectators

Sport and General

IN these three photographs of sporting events reproduced on this page are five persons selected haphazard round whose head a star has been placed. The Editor will have great pleasure in sending to each of these a guinea as the penalty of being "starred" if they will kindly send him their names and addresses. Their identity should be verified by two friends, who need only sign the application and give their addresses. Applications should be made within a week of publication except in the case of photographs taken abroad

I.N.A.

The Cottesmore Hunt concluded their season by holding a Children's Meet at Edmonthorpe Hall, which attracted a large number of juvenile followers. Above is seen Colonel S. J. Green, M.F.H., giving a few hints to the youngsters

"EVE" AT GOLF

Topical Press

Some of the spectators and competitors at the first round of the "Eve" Northern Foursomes, recently played at Alwoodley, near Leeds. Mrs. Soppitt is shown driving off from the first tee The competition was won by Mrs. Bradshaw (Fulford) and Miss G. E. C. Rudgard (York) who beat Miss D. R. Fowler and Miss P. Lobbett (North Hants), the holders, by 2 holes

During the Run

The happiest choice for refreshment while motoring is Schweppes Ginger Ale, the ideal non-alcoholic and thoroughly enjoyable drink. Its guaranteed purity, excellence, and delightfully lively character maintain the supreme popularity, among non-intoxicating beverages of

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Also order—SCHWEPPES SODA WATER · TONIC WATER GINGER BEER · LEMON SQUASH · CIDER · ETC.

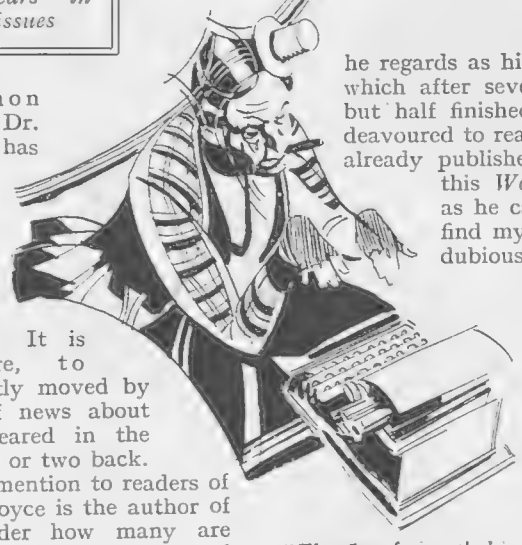
THE LITERARY SHOW

WHAT I THINK OF JAMES JOYCE

This literary causerie by Mr. J. A. Hammerton, concerned mainly with writers and their foibles, appears in alternate issues

By J. A. HAMMERTON

Illustrated by BUD PERMANT



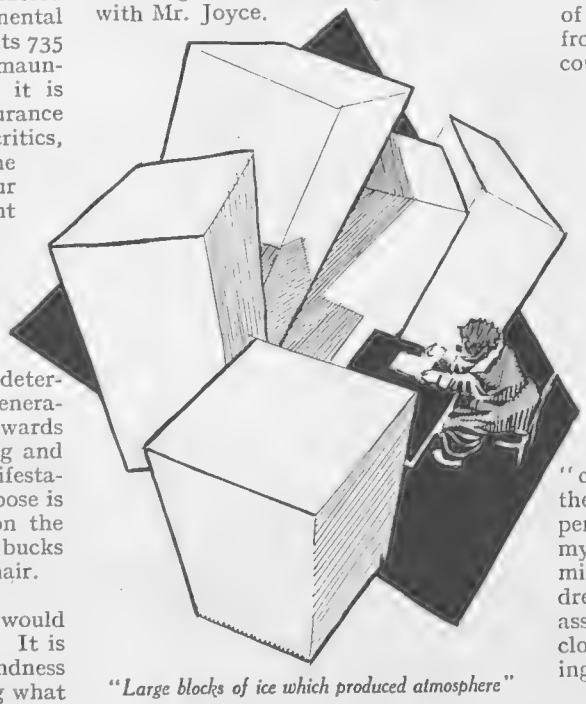
"The effect of an author's clothes upon his work"

THE common reader, as Dr. Johnson has called him, is probably a person not in the least interested in the work or personality of such an author as James Joyce. It is difficult, therefore, to imagine him greatly moved by half a column of news about Joyce which appeared in the daily Press a week or two back. Is it necessary to mention to readers of these pages that Joyce is the author of *Ulysses*? I wonder how many are familiar with that weird work of genius. Myself, in my various attempts to read it, and with the best will in the world to think well of it, am invariably left reflecting that "genius is to madness close allied."

MY mind goes back many years ago to "The Open Door" in Argentina, that wonderful mental establishment where the insane were set to agreeable occupations, to work that exercised a soothing effect upon their nerves. They all seemed so sane when busy with their congenial tasks that the director said he often felt it was himself who was "touched" and not any of his patients! In my futile efforts to understand *Ulysses* I have often wondered whether it may not be that some mental lack in myself makes hundreds of its 735 pages appear to me the formless maunderings of a sexual maniac. For it is hard to believe, with so much assurance to the contrary from competent critics, that James Joyce is not the greatest literary genius of our time. I suspect the most eminent of his laudators (I need not mention his name) of being lavish in his praise because himself he is an ageing writer. Have you noticed that when some men of letters find themselves within a lustre of the allotted span they determine to prove to the younger generation which is pushing them tombwards that they are still mentally young and in sympathy with the latest manifestations of the literary mind? The pose is justified by those who affect it on the same plea that some elderly bucks might advance for tinting their hair.

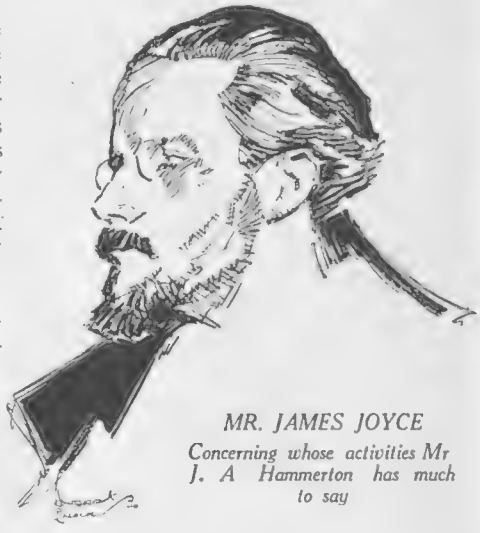
THE news about James Joyce would be sad news about anybody. It is said that his daily increasing blindness may prevent him from completing what he regards as his greatest work, which after seven years is still but half finished. I have endeavoured to read and enjoy the already published fragments of this *Work in Progress*, as he calls it. Only to find myself, alas! more dubious of my sanity than even *Ulysses* left me. I deplore Joyce's infirmity, but that literature will be any the poorer if he should never complete his magnum opus I resolutely refuse to believe. And I am hopeful that the news concerning his eyesight may be exaggerated.

IN the late years of the War a journalist of my acquaintance, who enjoyed a transient success as dramatist, assured me that the satisfaction which his success had brought would be short-lived: the specialists had doomed him within a year to lose his sight. Some months ago I saw him reading the ordinary small print of a daily newspaper without any difficulty. He had retained his sight long after his success was forgotten. So I hope it may be with Mr. Joyce.



"Large blocks of ice which produced atmosphere"

BUT I am interested in some new personalia of this strange and unattractive author. I had known from Padraic Cullum that in his youth Joyce was very tall and slender, "with a Dantesque face and steely blue eyes"; that he dressed oddly, wore a peaked cap and dirty white shoes, and carried an ashplant in his hand for a cane, that he spoke harshly and "used many of the unprintable words that he has got printed in *Ulysses*"—all which are characteristics of his Stephen Dedalus.



MR. JAMES JOYCE

Concerning whose activities Mr J. A Hammerton has much to say

Altogether, not a "nice young man." He wears a slight beard to hide the scar of a bite which he suffered in his youth from a mad dog, and which may account for much. It would seem, however, that he exhibits other peculiarities which one would never have suspected from his writings. Like Mark Twain he favours white clothes. I remember Mark in the early years of the century, at the Savage Club, I think, a picturesque and pleasing figure in his all-white suit. It seemed natural to him. There was always about Mark Twain and his writings a sense of the joy of life.

TO a Chinaman the white would have signified mourning, and perhaps Mr. Joyce, in whose "cloacal" mind—H. G. Wells suggests the sewer simile—so many things seem perverted, may favour white from some mystical affinity with the Oriental mind. "He can write only when dressed entirely in white," we are assured. The effect of an author's clothes upon his work is a topic opening up an immense field of speculation.

(*Continued on page 197*)

ASSOCIATION CUP FINAL.

Wembley Stadium. First opened for play on April 28th, 1923, when the Bolton Wanderers beat West Ham United two goals to nil. The capacity of the Stadium is 125,000, and it covers over 40 acres.

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Sportsman:

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New flat top steering wheel, large diameter, thin rim, comfortable finger grips.

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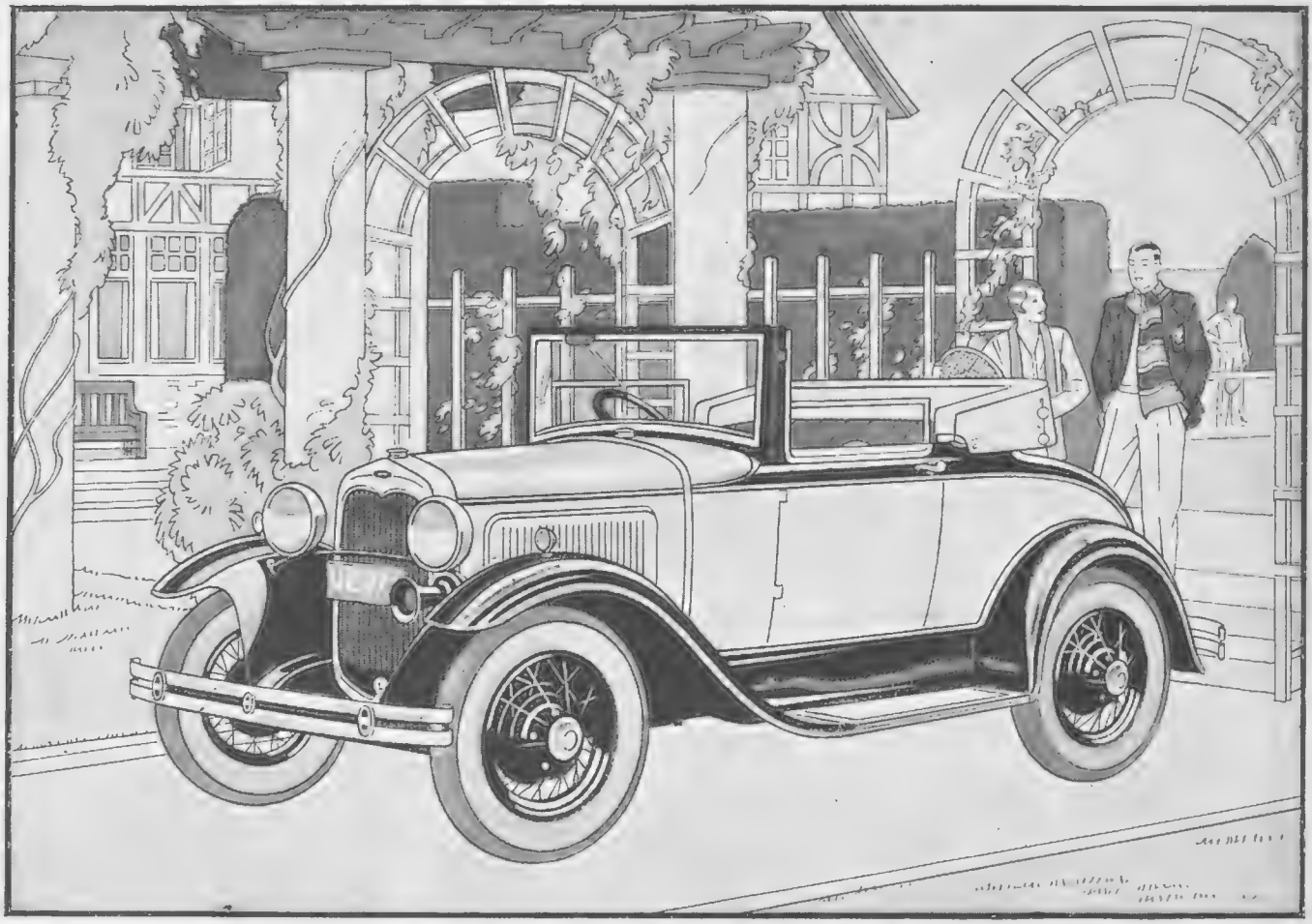


THE NEW FORD CABRIOLET

THE LITERARY SHOW (continued from page 194)

CLOTHES AND THE AUTHOR

One indeed in which I feel sure that Joyce himself, with his uncanny power of entering into other men's minds, could offer us something illuminating. Following his own method, when I hear of him writing in white, I put down my instant mental reaction to that news:

What profits now to understand
The merits of a spotless shirt—
A dapper boot—a little hand—
If half the little soul is dirt?

IF the author of *Ulysses* produced his masterpiece arrayed in white, it is to be hoped that no more of our younger men will favour the traditional garb of the angels. No doubt our psychoanalysts can explain to their own satisfaction the subtle influence of an author's clothes and surroundings on his work. I remember Louis Zangwill ("Z. Z."), younger brother of the brilliant and famous Israel Zangwill, and himself a successful novelist of the nineties, writing a novel—*A Drama in Dutch*, perhaps in 1894—whose scene was laid in some icy region, and during the composition the local fishmonger had the contract to supply him daily with large blocks of ice which, set up in his study, produced atmosphere! Louis Zangwill, by the way, might have been writing novels to this day, and they would have been good novels, too, had he needed to ply his pen for a living.

TOUCHING the question of clothes and the writer, one is not surprised to read in the deeply interesting confessions of his widow that Leopold Sacher Masoch, the author of *The Woman in Furs*, and one of the pioneers of the modern erotic novel, could write only if his wife, wearing nothing upon her person but a fur, would sit by his side so that he might stroke the fur as he wrote! We shall agree, I think, that in most departures from the norm of Philistine habit and experience there is something out of tune with the ordinary health of the mind.

LITTLE has been written about the personal life of James Joyce, hardly anything is known outside of the large element of autobiography implicit in his published works. Perhaps in the character of Stephen Dedalus in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* we learn enough about it; certainly more than enough about it in *Ulysses*. He is still on the hither side of fifty, was born in Dublin of a County Cork family, and had his education first from the Jesuits at Clongowes and later at the Dublin University. From his early college days modern languages have attracted him. There are few writers of our time so polyglot as he. His books abound in the idiomatic use of Spanish, Italian, French, German and other tongues, perhaps the strangest of all and most difficult to translate being his "enlargements" of the English. He studied medicine in Paris, and had thoughts of becoming a professional singer. But the itch for writing assailed him after he returned to Dublin, about the time of his marriage (1904), and it was then that he began the stories published as *Dubliners* ten years later, after strange vicissitudes.

"So that he might stroke the fur as he wrote"

JOYCE taught English in a Berlitz school at Rome, and back in Dublin again in 1912, now with a son and daughter, he is heard of as the unsuccessful director of a cinema. Since then his life has been passed chiefly abroad, for a time as a language teacher in Switzerland and at Trieste, and, since the end of the War, he has been one of the ornaments of that strange, unwholesome colony of English writing persons that has grown up in Paris, where all sorts of human perversities and follies can be put into print which may not be imported into the countries of their language origin. *Ulysses* is bought, primarily for its obscenity, by visitors to the Continent, where it enjoys a large sale at a high price.

MR. ROBERT HICHENS

The celebrated novelist, photographed while at Luxor, Egypt. He is seen with the children of M. Tawfik Boulos Bey

WHEN I read the dire drivel that has been written about Joyce as an artist by commentators who ought to know better, I seem to be standing among the broken gods of literature: all the age-old ideals of art obliterated. In his earlier poetry, in *Dubliners*, and even to a degree in *A Portrait of the Artist*, Joyce shows a certain respect for the notion that while art is an imitation of life it must be selective and it must have regard for form and design; above all, it must strive after that perfection which is beauty. Keats, who created so much beauty, gave Joyce unforeseen warranty for his later work when he wrote that immortal but dubious line, "Beauty is truth, truth beauty." *Ulysses*, which is a mere amorphous mass of sensuality and sexuality, is most damnably true, but never for a moment beautiful. Life is incomplete: it goes on; but a work of art must be complete. To contend that in imitating life in art you have merely to throw down on paper the unselected thoughts of the mind, statements of things observed, unrelated facts of sexual experience, and say, "This that I have written is true, and therefore beautiful as art" is merely intellectual nihilism.

HERE is a typical extract from *A Work in Progress*, on which this strange man has been labouring for seven years, and which we may never see as a completed whole:

How bootiful and how truetowife of her, when strengly forbidden, to steal our historic presents from the past postpropheticals so as to will make us all lordly heirs and ladymaidesses of a pretty nice kettle of fruit. She is livving in our midst of debt and laffing through all plores for us (her birth is uncontrollable), with a naperon for her mask and her sabboes kickin arias (so sair! so solly!) if yous ask me and I sack you. Hou! Hou!

That is the sort of stuff which, we are informed, can be turned out by a great artist at the rate of only a few hundred words per day even when he is dressed in white! Heavens! "Whither are we withering?" as Dan Leno used to ask.

J. A. Hammerton

FLYING NOTES

GLIDING SCHOOLS TO THE FORE

By Capt. C. E. Ward

Topical Press

Three German pilots who flew from Stuttgart, Germany, to Heston Aerodrome in the first three-seater light aeroplane. Above is seen a Customs officer clearing the machine, thus providing a further distinction

Out with the Gliders

THE Lancashire Aero Club has been practising en masse with its new Prufling Glider, carrying out straights on the aerodrome until such time as negotiations have been completed for a site in the hills. Seventy yards of Sandow elastic was used by ten strong men for launching purposes. The Prufling is very stable laterally, but sensitive fore and aft; she flies at 25 miles an hour, and lands smoothly with no tendency to bounce. A gliding school is being established within easy reach of London, to be conducted on camp lines, as in Germany. Colonel the Master of Sempill, Mr. Gordon England, and Mr. Howard Flanders are forming a company to establish the school, the idea being to train glider pilots for the licences recognised by the International Federation. Mr. J. A. Wallace Barr, on behalf of "Cellon," has offered a prize of £1,000 to the first British pilot who crosses the Channel on a British glider. Obviously, Captain Hawks' method of gliding across the United States towed by an aeroplane will not be allowed; he completed the flight of 2,400 miles in eight days. A further competition is announced for the Summer of 1931 for prizes put up by the *Daily Mail*.

Around the Clubs

LIEUT.-COL. HAY and four other members of the Hampshire Club have completed tests for their "A" licences at Hamble. The club's Spartan machine has gone west, fortunately without serious damage to the pilot, Miss Grace. Lord Wakefield has presented a Hermes Avian to the Lancashire Club, of which he is president. This machine should now be in commission, so that, with the original Mark I Cirrus Moth and three other Avians, the club has an effective fleet of five for the Spring season. The London Club now has seven machines, including the raffled Moth, which has been purchased from the winner at a very low figure, thanks to his sporting interest. Flying time for last month was well over 300 hours, including a number of cross-country flights which were organised for members taking up navigation. A flying display will mark the opening of the new Brooklands Aero Club on Saturday, May 17. An all-star programme has been arranged, including Captain Broad, who will appear upside down on the Moth as usual, Mr. John Tranum stepping overboard with Russell Lobe, and the Auto Giro, which is expected to perform new and interesting evolutions that may not be revealed in advance. Mr. George Lowdell, the well-known instructor, has joined the staff at Brooklands. The Cinque Ports Club is at home on May 4, when another Ashwell-Cooke competition will take place. The last one resulted in a win for the secretary, Mr. R. Dallas Brett, who was flying an X-type Moth; Mr. Jackaman was second on a Gipsy Moth, Mr. H. R. Law third on a Bluebird, and Mr. R. Cazalet fourth on a Hermes Avian.

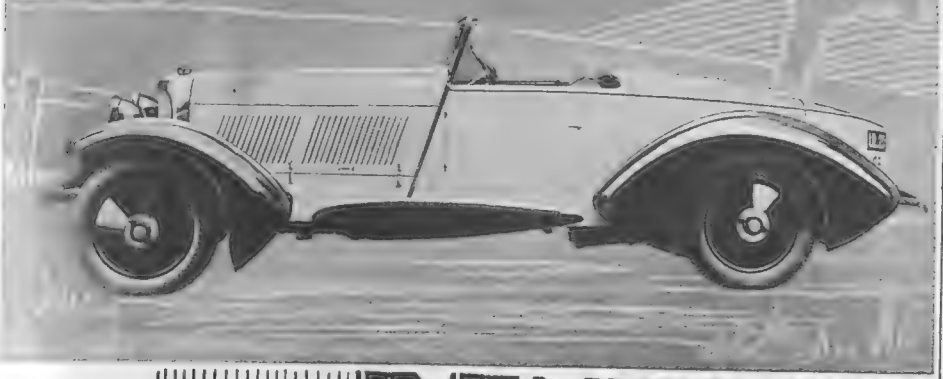
THE NEW SPORT

A "Kegel" Glider in flight just after being launched. Experts prophesy that the above type of machine will be extremely popular in this country during the summer

The Comfort of a Cabin

THE difference in comfort between an air coupé or saloon and a machine with open cockpits is much greater than is the case with closed or open cars. The high speed of air travel, the fact that the wind is liable to be cold upstairs, combined with a certain amount of noise, has convinced many people that their machines must have "lids." There are also other advantages, for De Havillands have achieved a much-improved performance with the new Moth III by having an inverted Gipsy engine and a completely enclosed cabin. The machine carries two people in the greatest comfort, with arrangements for conversion to a three-seater in a few moments. Although first cost is necessarily higher than that of the open type, the cost of running and maintenance remains practically the same as the two-seater. The Moth I and most of the other light 'planes which are normally of the open type can also be bought as coupés. Primary instruction in flying, however, must be carried out in an open machine, because it is essential that pupils be taught the value of side-slipping and skidding, which are dangerous practices if done without knowledge. As a beginner it is impossible to appreciate the effect of the controls when sitting in a cabin, owing to the absence of wind on the face, but once a pupil has become a moderately efficient pilot it really doesn't matter a scrap whether the machine has a lid or not.

THE CAPABILITIES OF THE SPORTING CAR ,, AND



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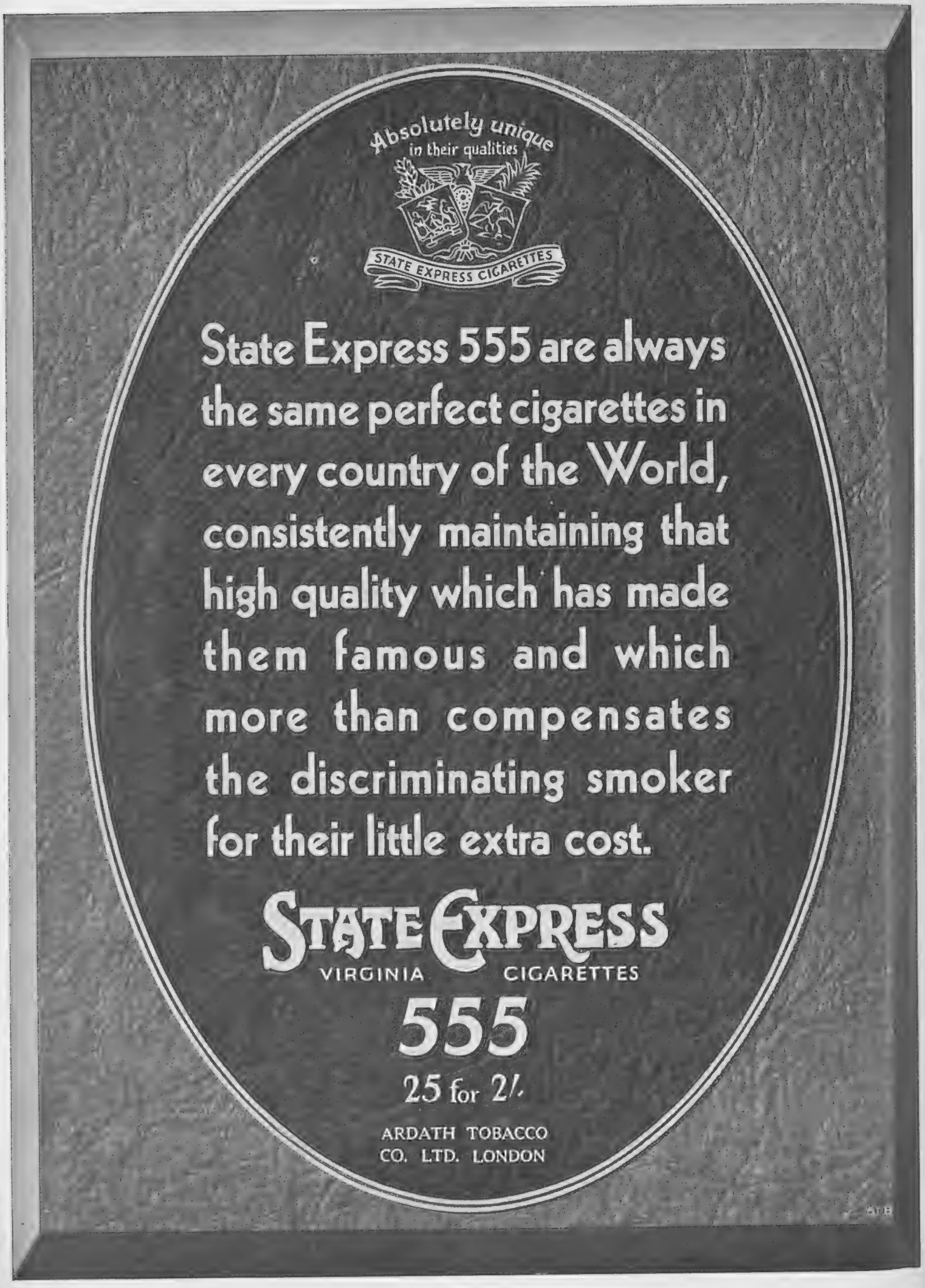
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Fashions Fancies

Exclusive BYSTANDER *Photograph* *By Underwood*

THE BEACH SUIT OF THE SEASON

To bask in the sun in such a suit as this—what more could anybody ask? White stockinette trunks are worn beneath a Cashmere tunic in ombré stripes of smoky browns, beige, and lemon, and there is a matching pochette. Linen printed in exactly the same shades and design is used for the coat, which is lined with fancy piqué, while the huge Mexican hat is trimmed with twisted strands of wool. The whole outfit comes from Marshall and Snelgrove, where there may be found many others equally fascinating

Lingerie Achieves Slender Lines

By Olive Caley Smith

Lime green crêpe de Chine embroidered with flowers is used for these pyjamas from Robinson and Cleaver, the cami-knickers being expressed in pink georgette and écru lace

Exquisite Lace and Embroidery

LINGERIE is the mirror of the mode, for it must always reflect the prevailing line. This Spring it has become extremely intricate, for as it decreases in quantity it shows ever greater skill in the cut and the delicacy of its stitchery. One-piece garments, cami-knickers, and slips all show a waisted effect, and the majority of them flare outwards at the hem—a result achieved by almost invisible seaming and countless small godets. Lace is either used lavishly, as borders and for flower motifs trailing across corsages and skirts, or it is not used at all. Narrow coloured bindings with tiny clusters of rosebuds and forget-me-nots are almost equally favoured, Beauvais embroidery in rather definite shades being an interesting innovation.

Neatly Tailored Pyjamas

THE popularity of pyjamas continually increases. They appear this season in diverse rôles, being destined for resting, house wear, yachting, and the beach. Illustrated on this page is a charming pair in lime green crêpe de Chine, pink and green flowers being embroidered on the sleeveless jumper-blouse, which has a soft scarf collar, and on the pockets of the three-quarter-length coat. It costs only 77*s.*, and comes from Robinson and Cleaver, of Regent Street. The delightful pearly pink Georgette cami-knicker is backless, and is typical of the lingerie that is being worn beneath the new evening dresses. Finely pleated from yoke to hem, it is enriched with écru lace, the price being 75*s.* 9*d.*

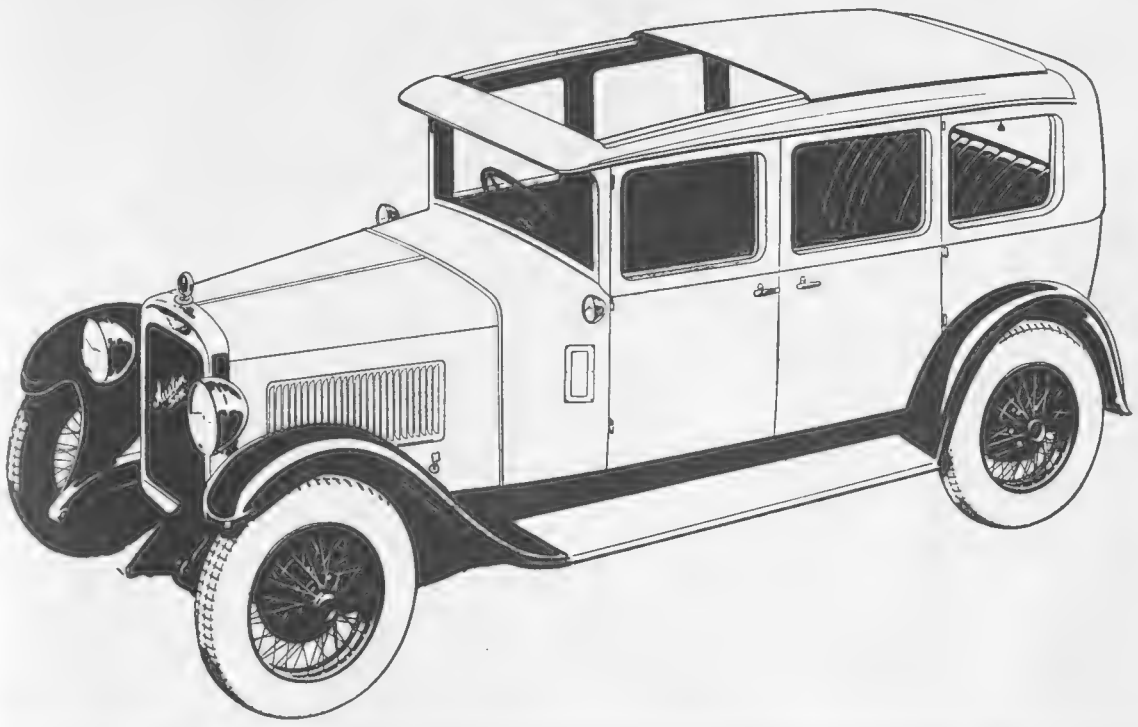
Youthful Summer Frocks

SHANTUNG and washing silk will be friendly rivals when the warm weather arrives, for they are ideal fabricating mediums and lend themselves particularly well to the prevailing styles. At Walpole Bros., of 89, New Bond Street, 108, Kensington High Street, and 175, Sloane Street, there are some charming examples as lowly priced as 39*s.* 6*d.* For this sum one may procure an ivory spun-silk frock with an oval-shaped inset vest and a cleverly flared skirt. Sketched on this page is a cherry-coloured silk dress in heavy washing silk. The skirt has inverted pleats at the back and front, the pointed yoke and sloping lines over the hips having a very slenderising effect. It costs 4 guineas, and may also be obtained in white and pastel shades.

A very youthful and slender little frock in heavy washing silk. It comes from Walpole Bros., and is a particularly becoming version of the new moulded to the hip mode

Sketches by Margot

AS DEPENDABLE AS AN AUSTIN



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The real significance, the outstanding character of Austin dependability cannot be fully appreciated unless actual facts are considered — unless one examines every-day experiences of Austin owners with every-day Austin cars.

Here is the observation of one Austin owner.

Present owner purchased the car in 1912 when the car was three years old and had run an unknown, but considerable mileage. Since then has been in constant use for hire work. Original pistons, gudgeon pins and valves are still being used. Radiator, though the original, does not leak. Four new piston rings, however, have been fitted. Mileage, in present owner's hands 180,000—and yet, he reports, "*the car still runs as quietly as an up-to-date model.*"

It is probable (but not definitely known) that this car has exceeded a quarter of a million miles.

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Coachbuilt, with fixed roof

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Six-cylinder. 16 h.p. Seats five persons. Driver's seat is adjustable. Upholstery in leather, furniture hide or moquette. Biflex magnetically operated dip and switch headlights, Triplex glass, luggage carrier, wire wheels, Dunlop tyres. Exterior metal parts are chromium plated.

Other "Sixteen" Models.

Two-Seater	£310
Open Road Five-seater	£325
Fabric Saloon (4-window)	£365
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(Sliding Sunshine Roof **£10** extra)

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BOOKS AND PEOPLE

WHAT OF STEPHEN HUDSON?

By Ralph Straus

MISS G. B. STERN

The well-known novelist and playwright, who has collaborated with Mr. Frank Vosper in the dramatisation of her book, "Debonair." This play is being produced by Mr. Vosper at the Lyric Theatre to-night

A NUMBER of people seem to be talking about Stephen Hudson's long book, *A True Story* (Constable: 8*s.* 6*d.*). I have been asked many questions about it. Is it new? Is it as good as some people say? Who is Stephen Hudson? Is it a novel or a piece of autobiography? And isn't it "terribly highbrow"?

HERE are my replies. Most of it is not new. It is made up of three or four older books, all of them about a young man called Richard Kurt, whose father is a banker. Perhaps I ought to say that it is made up *from* these older books. As to its being a masterpiece, it is not: nothing like one. It is far too long, uneven, not always dramatic and sometimes dull. (But then I am not sure that it was not meant to be dull and undramatic in parts: like life itself.) About the author I know nothing at all, except that his name is not Hudson. I should think he was about fifty. Also, I imagine that the book is precisely what its title (a bad one) implies. Finally, I haven't a notion what "highbrow" means, and I defy anybody else to say what it means: it is just a rather stupid, and presumably American, importation signifying mild abuse.

A True Story begins exceedingly well. This young Richard, who hates his tyrannical father and adores his aristocratic mother, tells his own story, and tells it in a way that is new. It is as though he had kept a careful diary during boyhood—beginning before he was able to write—which is not quite so absurd as it sounds. He never goes to an ordinary public school, but has a succession of tutors. He rarely thinks of the future. A rather ordinary, sensitive, slightly priggish young man.

MR. FRANK VOSPER

Author of "Murder on the Second Floor" and "People Like Us." The actor-dramatist takes the leading rôle in the new play, "Debonair," of which he is part-author

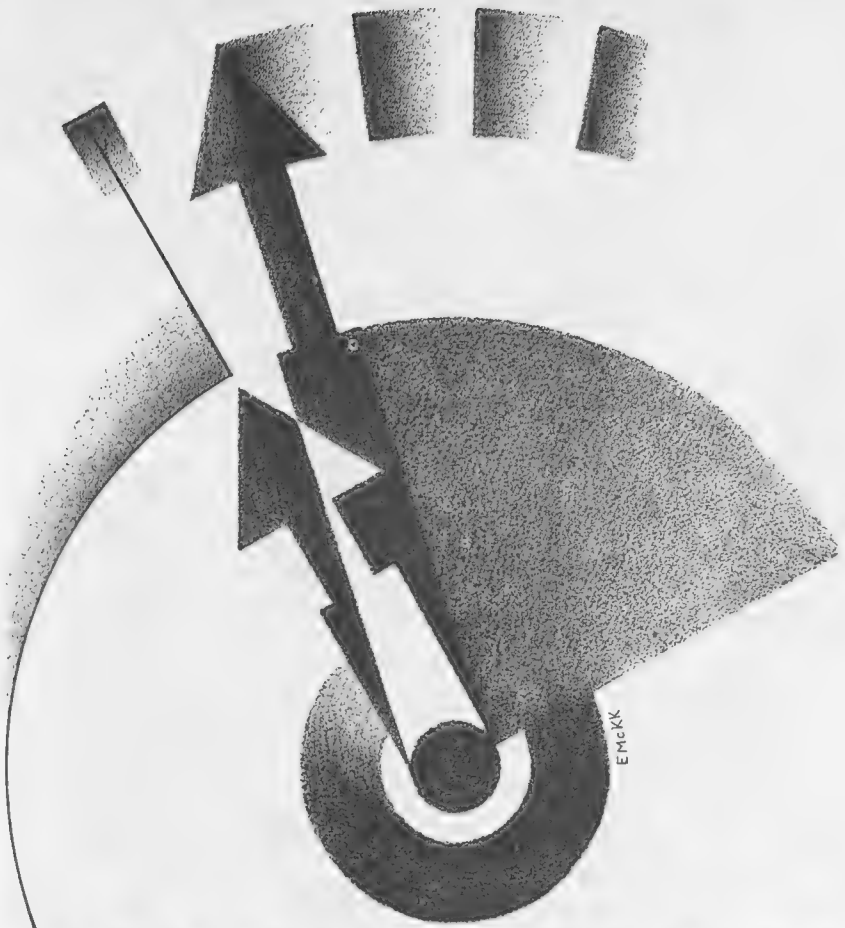
TO me the most interesting thing about this part of the book is the number of things about which nothing whatever is said. People are introduced without introduction. There are extraordinary gaps. You have to complete the picture yourself. But you do this without difficulty, and prepare yourself for a really big book.

THERE follows an almost equally entertaining account of Richard's marriage to an American woman whom he doesn't love. Elinor is hard and calculating and selfish—a gold-digger determined to have a good time. She gets her Richard, and that is that. This part of the story is told in the third person, and it could hardly have been told better. Unfortunately, when Mr. and Mrs. Kurt go to live on the Lake of Como—he doing nothing much except living on his father's money, and she collecting "admirers" — the atmosphere becomes sluggish. You read on and on, and little enough happens. Richard falls in love more or less with a masculine young woman who can do anything with a boat, but little else. After a good win at the tables he becomes friendly with his father. Finally, he is permitted to conclude his own story, and you gather that he has now fallen really in love with somebody else, and, owing to his wife's willingness to divorce him (on terms highly advantageous to herself), will at long last find something like happiness.

A MERITORIOUS work, but not a great work. This is the kind of thing that does happen, but the pity of it is that Richard himself is so often near to being a bore. Except at the very beginning you never feel: "Good heavens, I've never read anything like this before!"—which is what you are intended to feel. There is never a sparkle in its pages, though the portraits are clear-cut and vivid. But some people do swear by Stephen Hudson, and *A True Story* in its final form will doubtless increase their admiration for its author.

I COMMEND to your attention a book of travel which appears at what is surely "the psychological moment," whatever that may mean. This is Henry Baerlein's *Spain Yesterday and To-morrow* (Jenkins: 10*s.* 6*d.*). I do not say that after reading this sprightly production you will be able to tell your friends whether or no the King of Spain is to remain on his throne, but you will have been given a picturesque entertainment and learnt

(Continued on page 206)



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W1e

BOOKS AND PEOPLE (continued from page 204)

many curious facts which will assuredly be new to you.

MR. BAERLEIN'S previous explorations—he is always discovering new European countries of which nobody ever heard before—and half a dozen gay novels had prejudiced me in his favour, and the new book was no disappointment. It is a ramble and an interpretation. Odd bits of history, odd bits of geography, tales and legends and diverting vignettes, these are skilfully dished up into a book of very real interest. (And do not be put off by the horrible story of the gentleman in the train: even out of Spain such nasal activities may occasionally be watched.)

Love Lies Bleeding (Constable: 7s. 6d.), by Ann Reid, is a good book, which may annoy some old-fashioned people who will disapprove of its "subject." It is a straightforward story of one of those very genuine love affairs which two young girls may have for one another, and it is written in such a way that I cannot imagine even the most ambitious of police constables taking any objection. There are no lurid scenes of "vice," no passages which have to be passed round a shocked police court because they are too dreadful to be read out aloud, and nothing that savours of propaganda. The whole thing reads like the simple truth.

ISOBEL'S worship, indeed, of the regrettable Dulcie, who, for her own selfish purposes, invents a series of male admirers for ever behaving towards her in the most sheikhish manner, is a beautiful thing. And it ends, as it should, in a tragic way. The tragedy, however, is but fleeting, and at the end Isobel, poor dear, will be free for another kind of love. The whole book leaves you with an impression of extremely careful and gracious work.

Lieutenant-Commander C. R. Benstead (left), author of "Retreat," the sensational war book, seen with some of his fellow-officers from H.M.S. Emperor of India while hill-climbing near Villagarcia, Arosa Bay, Spain

Stained Wings (Nash and Grayson: 7s. 6d.), by Frances Harrod (F. Forbes Robertson), seems to be a success. I thought it mildly entertaining. It is the old business of black and white. Must it always be horrible for a black man to be in love with a white woman? Drake Grosvenor is a professional dancer, a man of education and fine feelings, a gentleman. He rescues an English girl from poverty, teaches her to dance, does everything for her, falls in love with her. And she is immensely grateful. What is to happen?

CAN they possibly be allowed to marry? The girl's white friends are horrified, and can Anne bring herself to such a "sacrifice"? It is not required of her. The inestimable Mr. Grosvenor takes the necessary steps to leave this world, immediately and with as little fuss as possible. Doubtless it was the right thing to do, but somehow I did not believe it. But there are some good things in this book, and its sincerity is never in question. R. S.

THE LOVER (continued from page 187)

exclaimed, "I'm quite sure you would get on famously together."

"You dear thing, that's very sweet and adorable of you. But listen—tell me more about yourself."

SHE held on to her evening bag with hot, sticky fingers. "Oh! there's nothing, nothing."

"Nonsense—anyway, I feel we are going to be friends, real friends." He held out his cigarette case and smiled. "You don't smoke? How refreshing. One gets so tired of these women with their eternal cigarettes."

The girl's eyes wandered towards the figure of her hostess, surrounded by a little group of men and women.

"She's lovely. Do you know her well?"

"Oh! one comes across her from time to time," he answered carelessly. "But luxury has never appealed to me, I like simple things, books, being alone, or with somebody who understands."

"So do I." They smiled at each other.

"I can talk to you about anything," he said softly, "not only books, but things that matter. It's marvellous to be able to discuss sex with a girl of your age, and not feel self-conscious, not be aware. You're so lovely too, which makes it all the more rare and astounding. You've been told so hundreds of times."

"No—never—"

"But that is absolutely remarkable." He moved closer to her, pressing her knee.

THEN his hostess moved from her group towards them. He rose to his feet and made an excuse to the girl.

"For the last hour I've been driven nearly mad," he whispered rapidly. "I haven't seen you for a moment alone. Always surrounded by that infernal crowd. And I've been sitting here, chatting to this little schoolgirl, watching you. Gosh—you look wonderful—wonderful."

"My poor darling—and I imagined you were enjoying yourself."

"As if I ever think of anything but you for a single moment," he said.

She put her finger on her lips. "Hush—someone may hear. Be reasonable and remember to-morrow."

He started, feigning astonishment. "To-morrow? I don't think I can manage to-morrow."

"But you said at lunch . . . ?"

"Yes, I know, only when I got back I remembered there was an article that must be written."

"Naturally your work comes first. But in the evening?"

"Yes, of course, in the evening."

"Good-night, my beloved."

"Good-night."

He wandered down into the hall and saw the girl step into her car. He ran bareheaded down to the pavement. He arranged the rug carefully over her knees.

"I can't tell you what it's done to me—meeting you," he said. "I'm going back to work. I shall think of you."

"How—how wonderful," breathed the girl.

He glanced up at the house behind him, and then bent forward intimately and took her hand.

"Listen—are you doing anything to-morrow between five and seven?"

IT was midnight when he let himself into his room at the hotel. After all, he had not wasted his time. He flung off his clothes and slipped into his dressing-gown. Then he prepared the room for work. Five cushions on the sofa, and on a stool beside it the gramophone and a case full of records. A box of cigarettes, matches, whisky, and a soda siphon on the floor within reach.

He lay down upon the sofa, settled the cushions behind his head, started a record, and balanced a sheet of foolscap against his knee.

The room filled with smoke and the gramophone played, but the sheet of foolscap remained white and untouched.

Suddenly the telephone rang sharply, screamingly, in his ear. With a grunt of annoyance he stretched out his hand.

A woman's voice came across the wire, whispering, pleading.

"Is that Gerrard 10550? Is that you? Oh! forgive me, but you made me so miserable on the 'phone this morning. I'll try and be patient about not seeing you—but tell me, do you love me as much now as you did in September . . . ?" D. DU M.

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BY DE ROBEC

"There's Lady Ursula again with young Harvard. Do you believe all that scandal about her?"
"Of course, darling. What is it?"

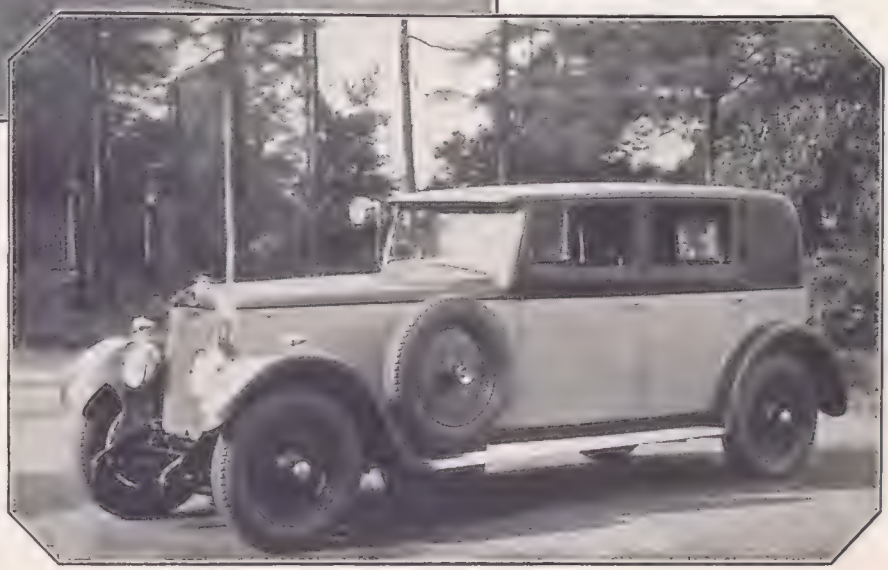
MOTOR NOTES

COASTING WORTH THE COST

By E. M. Wright

ENGLAND IN FRANCE

A Morris-Oxford on the Promenade des Anglais at Nice. The Riviera is now becoming increasingly popular with British motorists since the Channel freights were reduced. The car shown above cost only £7 15s. to transport across the Channel and back again, while three days each way more than suffices for the journey to the Mediterranean



A CAR OF DISTINCTION

A fine 30 h.p. Straight Eight Lanchester Saloon. This car is a fine example of speed combined with comfort and is found to be extremely popular among the motorists of to-day

When I last discussed the pros and cons of free-wheeling in these Notes it was after but a very brief trial of one or two free-wheel cars, as I think I frankly admitted at the time. Just lately I have carried out two quite lengthy trials of machines fitted with the De Lavaud free-wheel differential, which, as the name implies, is a combination of a special differential with the free-wheel. These cars were both of the latest models—one a Morris-Oxford six-cylinder saloon, the other a Riley Nine four-cylinder Monaco saloon. As a result, my personal reactions on the subject are rather mixed; probably two-thirds in favour and one-third not. This is a development upon which one cannot possibly generalise. It is a case of every man to his taste.

***

Apart from the ease of gear-changing—which is perhaps the most important advantage of a free-wheel—there are two other distinct attractions: first, the inestimable boon of silent running, and, secondly, the undoubted economy in petrol, in tyres and general wear through being able to shut off the engine and coast for miles. How many miles? This, of course, is the all-important factor, and my tests show that, even with my limited experience of the free-wheel, one can coast for fully a quarter and sometimes a third of the mileage on give-and-take roads. On a run from Hendon to Knebworth up the Barnet By-pass and the Great North Road, I found the mileage to be twenty-six on the outward journey, of which seven were covered by free-wheeling. On the return journey, by slightly different route (branching through Mill Hill), the mileage was twenty-five, of which eight and a fraction—i.e., exactly one-third—were covered by free-wheeling.

***

When free-wheeling, the engine is just ticking over, for which a very negligible amount of petrol is required, probably a teacupful for the whole eight miles; so that in every 200 miles, say, of ordinary running, on a car with a mileage of twenty-five to the gallon, one would save at least two and a half gallons of petrol alone. In these days—what with the demands of the oil companies, on the one hand, and Mr. Snowden, on the other—this is a very considerable item indeed. It may be true that one uses the brake more frequently and so wears out the linings more rapidly, but in practice I find this applies only to hills, for on the level one soon learns to readjust one's judgment of distances, so that actually the use of the brakes is very little, if any, increased. And if the brakes have to be relined after every fifteen thousand miles instead of twenty thousand there is to set against this (1) the enormous saving in petrol due to free-wheeling; (2) a further saving in petrol and oil due to absence of engine suction downhill, and (3) a saving in tyre and in general wear throughout the whole chassis from engine bearings to tyre treads.

As to the silence of free-wheeling I need not enlarge on that. Let the driver, if he can, acquire the habit of slipping into neutral whenever he sees ahead of him a stretch of road favourable for coasting. He will soon appreciate the wonderful comfort and peace of mind that come from "shutting off the power" when possible. The free-wheel does this for him automatically. As to gear changing, the operation is that when starting out you engage first gear in the usual way, let clutch in and accelerate, then take your foot off the accelerator without touching the clutch, wait till the engine speed dies down to a tick over, and slip into the next gear. Accelerate again and repeat the process until in top gear. There is no need for any judgment—except that the engine must be allowed to die down to as slow a speed as possible if a silent change up is to be made. And just there is the one and only disadvantage of the free-wheel—that in getting away or changing up on a hill a rather longer pause is necessary than with the ordinary gear box.

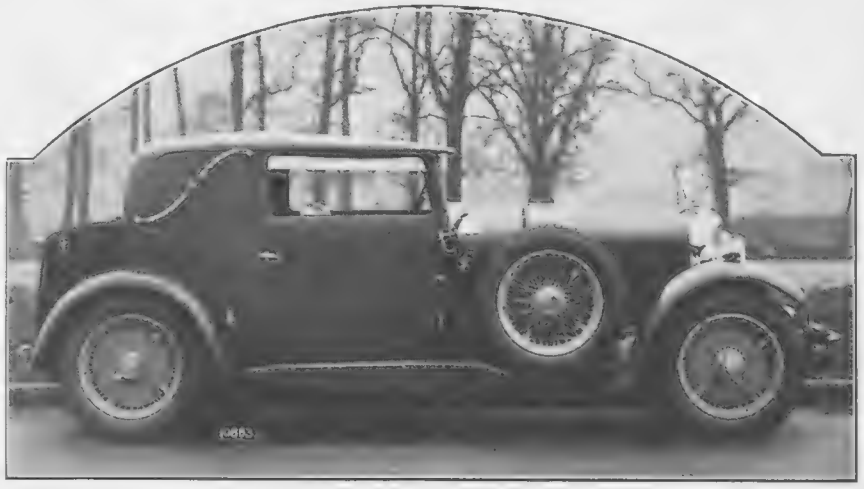
WHEN changing down, no precautions whatever are necessary. You simply push the lever into any gear, even first, at any speed you like without touching the clutch. This is almost uncanny when you experience it at first, and you quickly find yourself acquiring the excellent habit of changing down well ahead of an emergency, i.e., whenever you foresee that it will be necessary; for instance, before every sharp corner, before any cross roads in the city or town, before any traffic stop, and so forth. Now as it is the changing down that the novice finds so difficult, here we find the principal advantage of this device—in the ease of gear changing that a free-wheel allows. From this aspect a free-wheel becomes almost a necessity on a gear that is to be handled by anyone but a comparative expert.

* * *

MY conclusions are that this fitting will not appeal as much as it might to the expert, solely because of the long wait that is necessary for a quick get-away with silent changes through the gears, and yet he will be tempted to tolerate this disadvantage because of the silence and economy obtainable. To the other nine-tenths of the motoring community, and especially the novice, the device will appeal on all counts. It removes all the difficulties of driving, and all the terrors of learning to drive. It may take some time to convince makers to fit this as standard or even as a standard extra, but it will be a big selling point for any car on which it is fitted. In quantities the De Lavaud can be fitted at very little extra cost.

* * *

I HAVE not had space to deal with the special features of this particular make. For instance, with the differential, which is perhaps the cleverest part of the design. It is so arranged that the drive is automatically transmitted to the wheel which has most grip, whereas with the ordinary form of differential the reverse is the case. With the latter, when you run one driving wheel on to a soft bit of ground it begins to spin, digs itself in, and the car is hopelessly bogged, however hard the ground on which the other wheel stands. With the De Lavaud the drive is transmitted to the wheel which stands on hard ground.



A SUPERCHARGED BENTLEY

A fine 4½-litre Bentley fitted with a Maythorn four-seater Coupé, as supplied to Captain Walter d'Arcy Hall. This is the first supercharged 4½-litre Bentley to be delivered

New Ford Showrooms

JUST as year by year motor cars are becoming more and more luxurious, so, too, are their surroundings. One by one the big firms of motor car distributors have moved into the heart of the West End, and each new showroom that opens is more gorgeous than the last. The word "salon," once a euphemism, now literally and truthfully describes the palatial London headquarters of our large motor firms. The latest of these motor palaces to be opened is the Ford "salon" at 88, Regent Street, just a short distance from Piccadilly Circus. The interior decoration is lavish in the extreme, that of the main showroom being carried out in marble and mosaic.

E. M. W.

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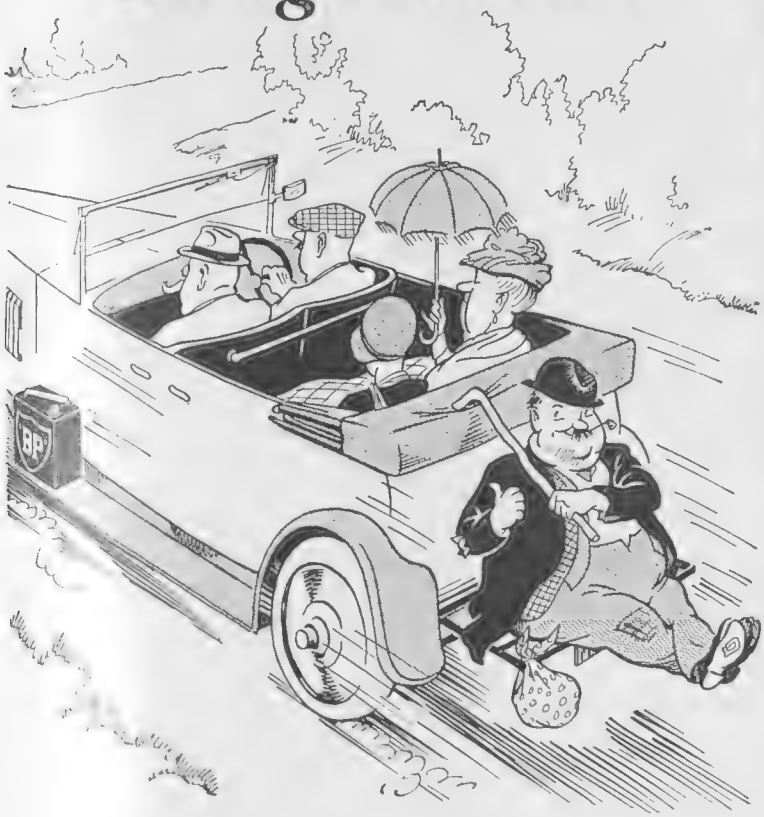

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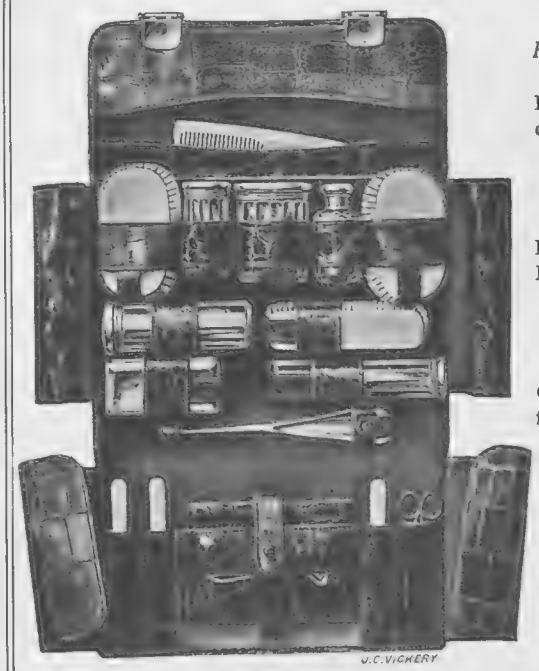

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SHOOTING NOTES

ROOKS MUST BE SHOT

By "Clodhopper"

L.N.A.

Mr. H. L. Jeinep's Golden Retriever, Abbotts Ann, which won first prize at the Kensington Championship Dog Show, recently held at the Crystal Palace. It was also reserve champion

Lorna Countess Howe, arriving at the Crystal Palace with her five Labradors. The show, as usual, attracted a large number of entries and spectators

G.P.U.

Central Press

A STRIKING HEAD

A magnificent Cocker Spaniel was shown by Mrs. L. Childs at the Crystal Palace, where it attracted much attention. It is called Daffodil of Dellcroft

THE cawing and bickering of the rooks in March, as they repair, or rebuild, their great nests which the winter storms have rendered untenable as nurseries for the sable neslings to come, are sure indications of the approach of Spring. But, the nests once more repaired and made weatherproof, there is but little fear of either the eggs or the young birds coming to any harm. Fearfully though the gale may rock the twig-built cradles placed among the topmost branches of the ancient timber-trees, hardly a stick will be displaced. During the second week of May the young rooks will be strong enough on the wing to afford useful practice to the "young idea" at flying shots with a 20- or a 28-bore gun; while the "branchers" offer sporting-enough targets to a .22 rifle, especially when swayed by a high wind. A well-made rook rifle is true to a hair up to the range it is sighted for, but a very insignificant twig even will turn one of the minute projectiles, which these beautiful little weapons throw, out of true alignment.

A FEW days ago I read in the correspondence column of a provincial newspaper a letter condemning what the writer of the same was pleased to call "the annual wanton slaughter of the farmer's best friend, the rook." That the rook does a great deal of good on the land cannot be denied, for he destroys a vast multitude of grubs and other insects noxious to agriculture, fruit-growing and market-gardening. But, unfortunately, he is also a very great pest on cultivated areas and in game-rearing districts. He roots up grass, young corn, and plays havoc with growing crops generally; breaks off the tender twigs of trees and saplings with his powerful, scissors-like beak just as easily as a man will snap a match-stick; while even the most tolerant of game-rearers and keepers will assuredly tell you that, as a thief of pheasant and partridge eggs, an ancient, knowing, and "well-entered" rook is bad to beat.

IT is, therefore, quite essential that annual organised raids be taken against rookeries throughout the country if only in the interests of husbandry and to keep the black-feathered legions within possible bounds and numbers. Such raids can be successfully carried out during the month of May only, when the young rooks are still being fed by the parent birds. A week or so later one might just as well exploit a rookery with a broomstick as with a gun or rifle. Corvus frugilegus, when able to fly to the neighbouring fields and coverts to fend for himself, very soon acquires the extraordinary cunning of his progenitors. And what creature of the wild is quicker to sight a man with a gun than a keen-eyed, sagacious old rook?

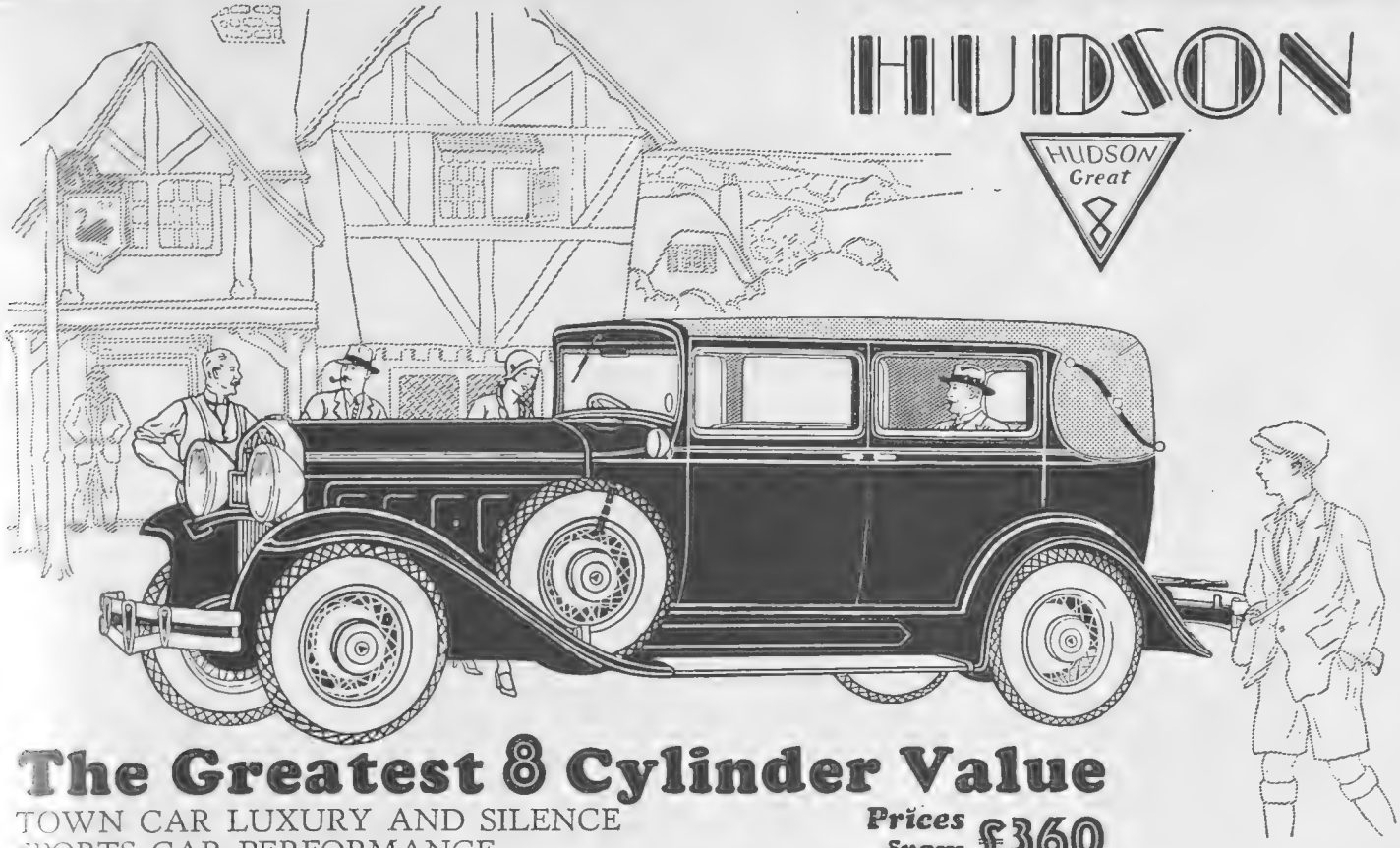
CUNNING and suspicious though it be, the rook, unlike the majority of the corvines, is essentially a sociable bird, and will even nest in the centre of a large town or city where suitable trees are available for a nesting site. But, as is the case with most species of birds that congregate in numbers, keen-sighted sentinels keep watch from lofty positions in the highest tree-tops on everything that passes down below on Mother Earth. And, in spite of his iniquities, Master Rook, as a family man, is beyond reproach. A most devoted consort and thoughtful parent, he feeds his mate assiduously while she sits on her clutch of from three to five mottled, bluish-green eggs.

THE rook, in common with His Satanic Majesty, may, perchance, be less black in iniquity than the plumage with which Nature has chosen to clothe him or the colour in which he is depicted in these Notes even. Be this as it may, sufficient toll must be taken of the young and squawking inhabitants of all extensive rookeries. Otherwise the ever-increasing rook population promises to be more than the mere menace to agriculture which it undoubtedly is in some cultivated areas at the present time.

MAX BAKER'S SHOOTING NOTE

PREPARE FOR THE ROOKS.

THOSE who have recently witnessed industrious rooks engaged in digging out the newly drilled corn will be in no doubt that this bird exists in ample to excessive number, consequently that the season's nestlings should be severely pruned at the due period, which is now very near. May 10 is the nominal date when they emerge from the nest and perch on the adjoining branches, awaiting the constant relays of food brought by fond parents. The .22 rifle, accurately sighted to deliver the missile into a 2-inch bull at 40 yards range, is the most sporting implement to use. With firearms restrictions to be met no time should be lost in obtaining or renewing the necessary permit and ordering from the gunmaker as large a supply of cartridges as the police may be induced to sanction. Several hundreds can be used in a moderate size rookery running to fifty or so nests. Tall trees with branches swaying in the wind make the mark none too easy for standing shooting. A considerable number of rounds can be usefully expended in getting the sights exactly correct. The slightest error, right or left, materially lowers the percentages of successes, whereas a perfectly sighted rifle will blow off terminal buds of chestnut or fir with pleasing frequency. There is secret joy in astonishing the natives with your skill.



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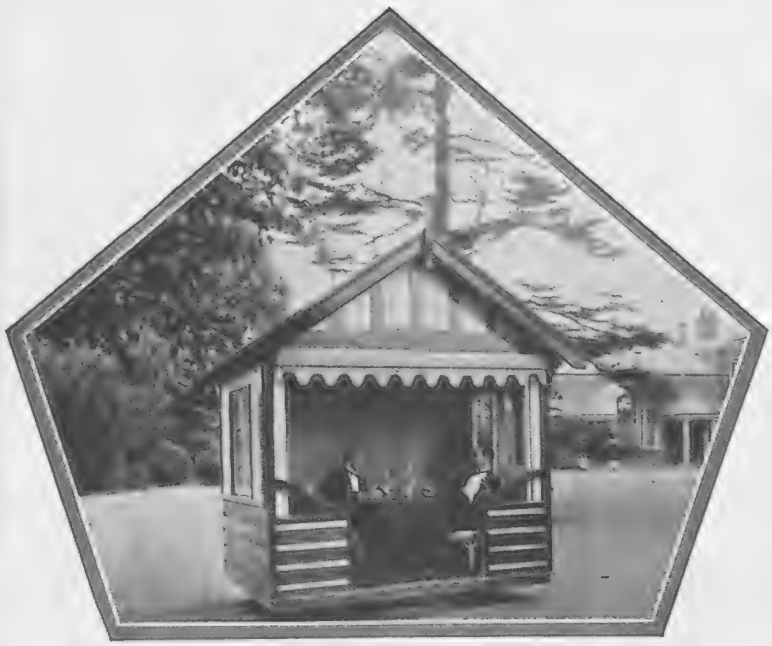

QUIET AND THE MAN

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DOGS

LET EVERY PUPPY CHEW! By "The Kennelman"

THE big Championship Show that Spillers are benching and feeding at Bath to-morrow (Thursday) is to help to provide the famous old western town with a needed new hospital. Every year there's increase in the number of human needs served by the Dogs. At the same time, by the way, the Cambridge Town and Country Canine Society will be staging a Show in the Corn Market, at which Terriers and Gun-dogs will be specially prominent. Ayr has a big Show fixed for Tuesday and Wednesday of next week; and on the Thursday, May Day, comes Guildford's, one of the most popular of the smaller southern counties fixtures.

THE next few weeks are perhaps the most favourable in the whole year for the purchase of puppies, because canine youngsters who are now clear of the hazards and troubles of the weaning period have before them a good six months of mainly outdoorish weather. The period between the ages of three to nine or twelve months is what breeders call "furnishing" time, and the pup who really thrives through that time, spending from eight to twelve hours a day in the open, is not likely to bring his human friends much acquaintance with veterinary surgeons thereafter. During the first month or two after weaning the canine infant needs not fewer than four daily meals to balance his rapid growth; but please remember they should be very *small* meals—the clean plate rule is sovereign at this stage, and coaxing and tempting with dainties is wholly bad—so composed as to encourage chewing, gnawing and crunching; no kittenish slops. Big bones should be provided; they furnish ideal puppy exercise. "Sippets" and "Assorted Shapes" will soon bring enjoyment of the *hard* tack so necessary to canine health.

Central Press

L'ENTENTE POLISONNE

is the name of this fine champion French Bulldog that was shown at the Kensington Dog Show, recently held at the Crystal Palace

THE archæologists responsible for the investigation of Wiltshire's neolithic remains are reported as stating that "the earliest known Dog was of the Whippet rather than the Wolf type." Well, sundry pre-historic carvings found in the Near East have long since indicated the existence before the era of written records of hunting Dogs of the Greyhound type, and the Whippet is, of course, but a miniature Greyhound. But breeders of practical experience will not find it easy to credit that "the earliest known Dog" was of this type. Experience in breeding strengthens the conviction that from the beginning the Dog has been distinct from the Wolf; the latter being from first to last a wild beast, whilst the Dog was man's friend and associate.

BUT Nature, unaided by man, would not, one fancies, have produced the Whippet type. It is too finished, too "breedy," to have been anything less than the product of deliberate and selective breeding, for speed in hunting. Coarser, more lurcher-like types would have come first, and that for many canine generations before our neolithic forbears evolved the fleet, Whippet-like, "Neolithic Dog," which has lain buried for more than 4,000 years in a ditch near Avebury.

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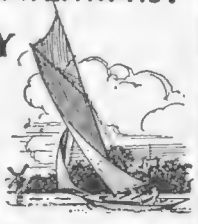

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Luncheon

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CURRIED PRAWNS.

CUTLETS À LA TALLEYRAND.
POMMES SAUTÉ.

OMELETTE AU RHUM.

CAFÉ.

Hors d'Œuvres

CELERIAC should be very finely shredded and a dressing of oil and vinegar mixed with it, and a tablespoonful of finely minced parsley sprinkled over it.

Curried Prawns

PUT 4 oz. of butter into a saucepan and slice into it two small onions. Fry them till brown over a slow heat, and then take them out. Stir one and a half tablespoonfuls of curry powder, and also a little flour, into the melted butter and mix well, then stir in as much gravy, or if that is not at hand some milk, enough to well cover the prawns, and stew over a slow heat until they are well cooked. When the gravy is thick enough add a little cream and the juice of a lemon. Mix all well together and serve very hot with boiled rice. A dessertspoonful of chutney added to the curry is an improvement.

Pamplemousse Cocktail

•

Timbale de Sole à l'Americaine.

•

Suprême de Volaille Beaulieu.

Pommes Olivettes.

•

Gerbe de Lauris à l'Huile.

•

Soufflé Rothschild.

Paniers de Friandises.

•

Café.

The menu of a delightful luncheon served in the Adams Room at the Piccadilly Hotel. It was given by Mr. Harry Preston, Wing-Commander Louis Greig, C.V.O., M.B., and Mr. Arthur G. Greig. A photograph of some of the guests will be found on pages 174 *and* 175

Cutlets à la Talleyrand

MELT a good-sized lump of butter in a saucepan, and add 1 lb. of fillet of veal cut into rounds, and fry lightly. Put on one side and fry a chopped onion and three or four button mushrooms. Add half a pint of white sauce and allow it all to cook gently for one and a half hours. Remove the veal, add the yolk of an egg to the sauce and some chopped parsley. Pour all over the cutlets and serve very hot with a border of spinach à la crème.

Omelette au Rhum

BEAT up four eggs with a tablespoonful of cream, a tiny pinch of salt, and a teaspoonful of castor sugar. Melt half an ounce of butter in the omelette pan, pour in the mixture, and cook while stirring until it begins to set. Let it colour slightly under the grill.

Then roll up carefully and turn out on a hot dish, sprinkle with powdered sugar. Add a small spoonful of rum, which is poured alight on the top of the omelette. Dish up quickly and serve.

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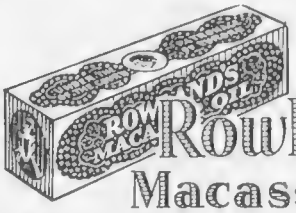

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THE EDITOR'S BOX

For Soft Water

You have probably noticed how, with hard water, your cooking utensils and kettles rapidly become coated with deposit. Double the time is taken to boil the kettle, while the water is always cloudy. This cloudiness is precipitated chalk, which you take with your food or tea. "Permutit" entirely prevents the "furring" of kettles and pots, so that you save gas and coal and obtain more wear from your cooking vessels. You also avoid drinking chalky water, which is injurious to health. Above all, it is perfectly easy to manipulate, only requiring a small quantity of common salt.

Demands for Razor Blades

Although business conditions are very difficult throughout the world to-day, an enterprising Sheffield concern, Messrs. James Neill and Co., Ltd., with their Safety Razor Blades, are entering many markets which have formerly been strongholds of American products. It is extremely interesting and gratifying, from the Sheffield point of view, to note that orders for the Safety Razor Blades have, in the course of sixteen days, been received from no fewer than fourteen different countries, including Peru, Manchuria, and Brazil.

The Blue Star Line

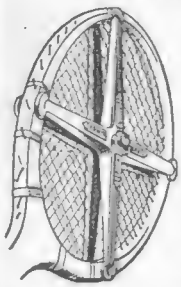
During the year the Arandora Star, Britain's most delightful cruising liner, will make numerous separate cruises to the Mediterranean and Norway. The Mediterranean cruises touch such places as Algeria, Tunis, Egypt, and the Holy Land. Visits to the Great Pyramids at Gizeh, the Acropolis at Athens, and the world-famous Doges Palace at Venice are specially arranged for passengers. Full particulars of all cruises can be obtained from any offices of the Blue Star Line, 3, Lower Regent Street, London, S.W.1, and the principal tourist agents.

A Fine Watch

Messrs. de Trevars, Ltd., of 197a, Regent Street, W.1, the sole wholesale agents for the "Ermeto" watch, moved on April 5 to more spacious and commodious offices and showrooms at 106, Regent Street, W.1. Produced a little over two years ago, the Ermeto watch has made history in its romantic introduction. Testimonials from the North Pole as well as from the deserts of Africa confirm the remarkable efficiency of its ingenious construction. The Ermeto watch is sold by the leading watchmakers and jewellers throughout the world, and is by no means exorbitantly priced.

Above is a charming view of the Rockery in the Valley Gardens at Harrogate. On the left the Valley Gardens are seen basking in the sunshine of the Season. These pictures are but two examples of the many delightful beauty spots, with their gorgeous display of flowers, that help to make this ancient Spa one of the most celebrated resorts in Yorkshire

LIGHT NEAT STRONG



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Most of us are only half ourselves, only 50 per cent. efficient because of a foul condition of the intestines. Due to our sedentary habits and unnatural eating our intestines become slow and sluggish and fail to move out the waste matter in time. It putrefies within us and sets up toxins or poisons that are absorbed by the system and cause a state of auto-intoxication or self-poisoning. This results in acidity, acid-indigestion, bad breath, coated tongue, sick headaches, irritability, lassitude, and sleeplessness.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon arising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous, natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from your chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and the improved digestion. Note the new strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean. Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.

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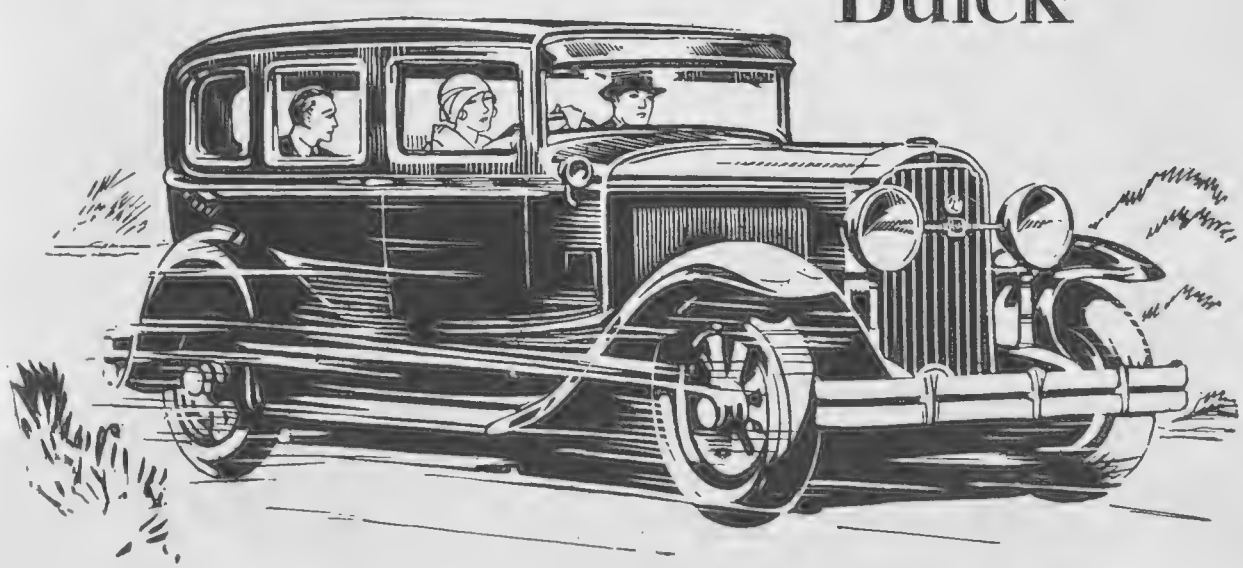

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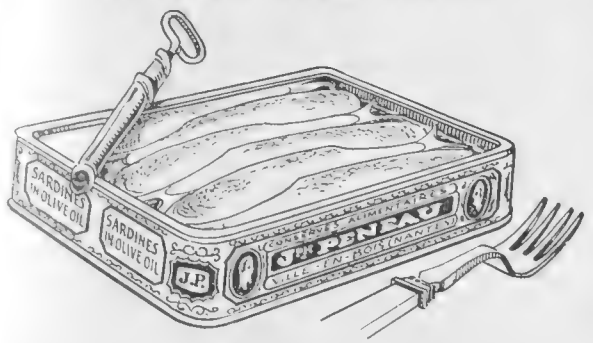

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The King used to ride with her in the forest of Fontainebleau; and she accompanied him on hunting expeditions to Blois and Amboise. The two delighted in each other's company — one a great monarch whose name terrified half Europe; the other a meagre Italian Princess whose husband was almost dumb.

But the Dauphin Henry's character was to change. And, like most changes in a man's life, it was to come through a woman — the widow of the Grand Seneschal of Rouen, the Duchess of Valentinois, known to history as Diane de Poitiers.

Diane was rich; she lived in a palace; her retinue of servants would have moved Cardinal Wolsey to envy. Catherine de' Medici was not beautiful; she was comely; Diane de Poitiers was not comely; she was beautiful. When she descended on the young Henry the boy was overwhelmed. No sooner was Diane installed in his affections (despite that she was seventeen years his senior) than she began to make him talk. And talk he did!" .... The whole story is in

Also in the April Issue

"THE GIRL FRIEND" by Storm Jameson
"MISS TELFORD'S BED" by Warwick Deeping
"WHY I WANT TO GO TO RUSSIA" by Rosita Forbes
"NEW VALUES IN CRIME" by Negley Farson
"ONE OF THE TWELVE" by Anthony Gibbs
"THE REST OF THE WORLD" No. 4 — BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS by Diana Bourbon
"FAMOUS WOMEN OF HISTORY," Catherine de Medici, painted by F. Matania, R.I.
"ABRACADABRA" by Arndt Giusti
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"THE THING YOU LOVE" by May Edginton
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No matter what was the original colour of your hair, TREXOLYN WILL RESTORE IT—not instantly so that it is amusingly obvious to your friends that you have dyed your hair—BUT GRADUALLY AND NATURALLY so that your secret will be inviolate. TREXOLYN does not stain or discolour the fingers, scalp or clothes. The glorious colour so naturally restored is permanent, being entirely unaffected by sun, sea air, vapour baths, electricity, etc.

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While TREXOLYN is so amazingly efficacious in restoring the hair's lost colour, it is also of the highest value in the treatment of dank, dull and lifeless tresses. Even if your hair is not yet showing signs of greyness, but has an ageing effect upon your appearance through lacking lustre and elasticity, you should use Trexolyn to restore to it vitality, sheen and beauty. Do not seek to belittle the vitally important part your hair plays in your social popularity and business standing.

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Much valuable information relating to greyness and baldness is set forth in a dainty brochure, a copy of which will be sent you Free on request under plain sealed cover. In this book the whole problem of hair colour restoration is approached from a new angle. Please address all enquiries to The Secretary,

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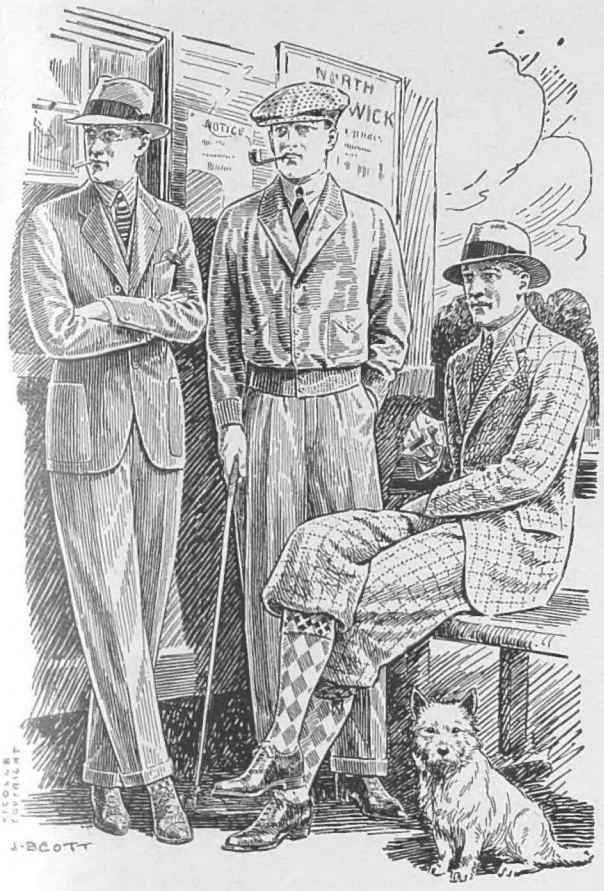

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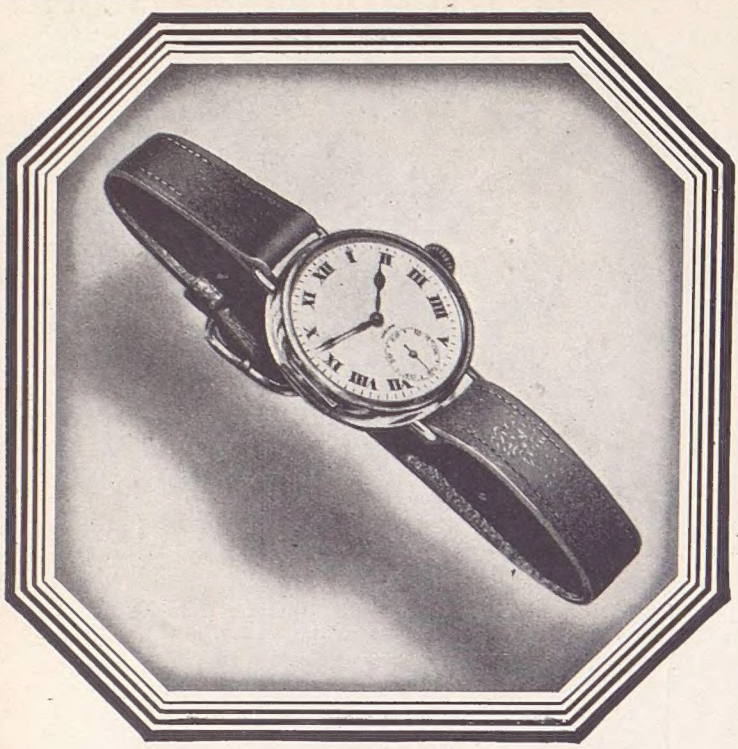

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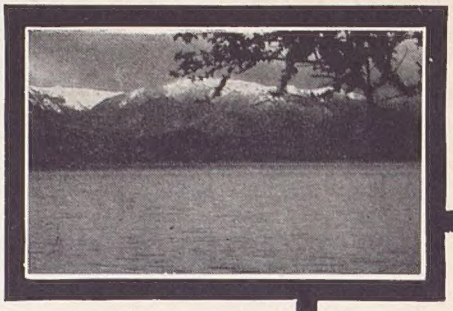

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